JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 25, 1926

Vol. XL. No. 1058

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the world, 1d.

ALL AFTER THE JAM!

by "WOODBINE WILLIE"

It must be good for you

Everyone knows that whole wheat has been the staple food of mankind for centuries—that doctors to-day are urging us to give up white flour bread and eat more whole wheat.

What better food then can you have than Shredded Wheat which is the whole wheat—every bit of it—in pure, wholesome and perfectly digestible form? Shredded Wheat is not a fad. It is plain honest food of supreme health value. **It must be good for you.**

8d. (In U.K. only.)

SHREDDED WHEAT

100% FOOD

OF ALL GROCERS.

PRATT'S A.A.

The Completed Puzzle

S	O	N	N	E	T		C		R	E	P	E	A	T
I	R	E		A	R	R	A	Y	E	D		L	I	E
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T	E	L	L	E	R		E		E	S	T	E	E	M

Solution to the Crossword Puzzle published in our last issue

This week's puzzle is on page 34

Hair-Growing Discovery

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St., 53 JA) London, W.1.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

THINNESS

For a little free advice on the cure of THINNESS, write to the E. M. Bureau of Health and Cure, (Dept. B.J.), 40-42, Chandos Street, London, W.C. 2. Principal: Eustace Miles, M.A.—for many years recognised as the leading British authority on food and its relation to health. To save time, give details of your usual daily diet and any other information that will throw any light on your case. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

FREE

BAD LEGS

VARICOSE ULCERS & ECZEMA.

Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay,—when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures we have made of skin diseases, when other treatments have failed.

SEND NO MONEY.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd.,
Medical Skin Specialists,
BRADFORD, YORKS.

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING—

if you register under

JOHN BULL'S

Great Free Insurance

GIFT

What "John Bull" Gives:

FIRE.

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at registered reader's home.
£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250—or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS in HOME and GARDEN.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.
£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—loss caused by aeroplane, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500—or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.
£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader.

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.
£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river, or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that, in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

WIRELESS BENEFIT.

£10—for damage by lightning to registered reader's Wireless Apparatus including aerials and supports, licensed to and owned by him at his or her private address as registered.

Subject to the conditions set forth on the Registration Certificate.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address.....
.....
Reader's Signature.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
.....
Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 25/9/26.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address.....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature.....
Address.....
Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 25/9/26.

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all). ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE!

John Bull's Wonderful Gift Offer

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, worth	15/-
2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE	2/6
TOTAL VALUE	17/6
You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance)	4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Your name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

"WORTH 15/-"

Thanks for the excellent Pen. I have tested it and find it far superior to any other I have used. The name engraved in gold is a novelty. I marvel how you produce it for the price—it is honestly worth 15/-. The presentation pencil is of the same excellent quality.
(Signed)
Gunner H. Hawkin, 4th Pack Brigade, R.A., Norwich.

Written 2 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

FOR £1 DOWN

This Handsome Gold Medal Piano Delivered FREE

MUSIC-LOVING READERS of JOHN BULL should take the opportunity of securing this famous "Abbey" Model Gold Medal Upright Grand Piano on a first payment of only £1, and so enjoy immediate possession of this famous London-made Upright Grand Piano without strain upon their financial resources.

Write at once for Catalogue "R" Free.

It contains a full description of this fine-toned instrument with a large photo engraving showing the beauty of the design and appearance, and full particulars of this handsome Piano.

10 YEARS' WARRANTY. "The Abbey" Model Gold Medal Pianos are made by a leading London Firm of high-class Piano Manufacturers. Only the finest materials and craftsmanship (no unskilled labour) is employed—hence the 10 years' Warranty with each Piano, the brilliant yet mellow tone of which makes it ideal for solo playing or song accompaniments.

NO WAITING. DELIVERED CARRIAGE PAID

on acceptance of first payment of only £1, the balance being payable in small weekly, monthly or quarterly instalments to suit each purchaser's convenience.

DO NOT DELAY, as only a limited number are ready for immediate delivery. **CALL** and see and hear this fine Upright Grand Gold Medal Piano, or **WRITE** for **FREE CATALOGUE.**

TRIUMPH AUTO, LTD.,

TRIUMPH HOUSE (*Opposite Galeries Lafayette*),

187-191 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Before deciding on that new WIRELESS SET get the Burndept literature

THE BURNDEPT range for 1926-7 provides for ALL requirements and ALL pockets. For utter simplicity and perfect reproduction Burndept equipment is unmatched by anything on the market. The new Burndept Receivers, Super Valves and Loud Speakers have been the talk of the Radio Show. Don't be disappointed and spend more money in the long run by speculating in a "cheap and nasty" outfit. Invest in Burndept and have the best in the first place. You can have a Burndept 2-valve "Ethophone-Duplex" Receiver, including valves and coils, which will operate a Loud Speaker, for as little as £5. 5. 0. Send for the Burndept Literature to

BURNDEPT WIRELESS LIMITED

Head Office and Factory: Blackheath, London, S.E.3.
Telephone: Lee Green 2100. Telegrams: Burnacoil Phone London.
London Offices & Showrooms: Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9072 Telegrams: Burndept Westrand London.

AGENTS AND BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

Corns *on ball of feet removed bodily*

It is certainly difficult to believe that an obstinate corn can be removed bodily root and all. But the letter we print below is one of hundreds we have received (its actual number is 358) and every day we receive such letters from people who have actually lifted their corns right out with the fingers. What others have done, you can do just as easily and painlessly.

"For years I have suffered from hard corns on the ball joints of both my feet. These caused me great inconvenience and pain as I am a great walker. I have tried several different makes of Bath Salts, all of which say they remove corns from the feet, but none of them did any good. I was recommended to Radox Bath Salts by a friend, and tried them, and after two packets succeeded in removing the corns, which I had been unable to do for years by any other means. I am such a believer in Radox, that I have recommended it to two or three people, who have all tried it, and found it as satisfactory as I have done."
3rd August, 1926. S.M.U.

When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer-layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the foot clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. Ask for Radox at your Chemist's, price 1/6 per ½-lb. pink packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

FINAL OPPORTUNITY

Half-Price Sale

OF THE FAMOUS

'NER-SAG' MATTRESS SUPPORT

SEND NO MONEY—7 NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL

LAST DAY SEPT. 27th.

Now or Never!—For a few more days only can you get a "Ner-Sag" at the Special Bargain Price which is HALF the usual prices. Do not let this Golden Opportunity slip by. Every moment is important. Use the Coupon below AT ONCE. Practically every home needs a "Ner-Sag." Surely no housewife will fail to secure this bargain. By sending now you can save from 6/9 to 10/9 on your purchase, and you can have the "Ner-Sag" to fit under your bed and sleep on for 7 nights absolutely Free. Pay only when satisfied. **ABOLISH THE SAG IN YOUR OLD MATTRESS WITH A "NER-SAG."**

SALE PRICES.
Complete and Carriage Paid

No SAG with NER-SAG

"Ner-Sags" are Famous through out the Length and Breadth of the British Isles. Tens of Thousands are in nightly use. Unsolicited Testimonials have been received in their thousands. Probably no invention of recent years has aroused such widespread interest or had a more meteoric rise to popularity. **HASTEN! SEND TO-DAY,** or the Golden Days of Opportunity will slip by and you will be left regretful whilst your neighbours rejoice over their great bargains.

Usual Price 13/6 SALE Price 6/9
2 ft. 6 in. size

3 ft.	... 15/6	Now	7/9
3 ft. 6 in.	... 17/6	,,	8/9
4 ft.	... 19/6	,,	9/9
4 ft. 6 in.	... 21/6	,,	10/9

Size is width of present mattress.

NER-SAG, Ltd.,
2, Green Lane ILFORD, ESSEX.

THE **'NER-SAG'**
(Never-Sag) Patented and Registered

Spring Mattress Support
for Diamond Link, Chain or Woven Wire Mattresses with Iron or Wood Sides in all standard sizes.
The "Ner-Sag" is an appliance which fits under any existing mattress, no matter how badly sagging, and gives the same advantages and comfort as an expensive new box-spring, for a trifling cost. It is not in itself a mattress. Made to give a **LIFETIME'S WEAR.**

DO NOT MISS THIS STUPENDOUS BARGAIN.
To secure this unprecedented bargain you must send the coupon *now.*
Try at once—that will give you a chance to send repeat orders before the Sale closes.

SALE COUPON **SEND NOW**
NOT AVAILABLE AFTER SEPT. 27th.

To NER-SAG, LTD., 2, Green Lane, ILFORD.
Please send me a "Ner-Sag" Spring Mattress Support. Width of mattress..... If I like it I will pay the Special Sale Price (half the standard price) within 7 days; if not, I will return it within the same period.

NAME .....
(In block letters.)

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull," 25/9/1926. .....
It is couponing from 6s. 9d. to 10s. 9d. to you.

WHEN SENDING Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Remittances by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 2/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
96 LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

THE BOLTON

From 1/6 per week or 6/- per month

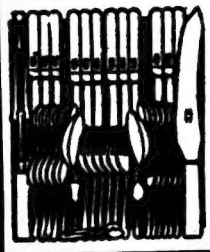
Direct from Factory.

2/6 DEPOSIT
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.
Carr. Paid on approval from **£2:17:6**
Cash or Credit.
Write for fully illustrated free Catalogue showing all latest models.

S. BOLTON, 408, Kingsland Rd., E.8
DEPT. No. 10.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

Stainless Knives



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives, 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory finished handles, 6 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Sps. 1 pr Butter Tongs, 1 Jam Spn. 1 Salt Spoon, all of Colombian Silver which wears white through-out. 50 pieces 50/- Terms 5/- now & 5/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash on delivery. Complete Approval.

5/- NOW

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS

3/9 CASH

Beautiful Rings, Bangles, Pendants, Watches, &c. —examples of the money you save by buying from the Empire's largest Jewel Factory illustrated in H. Samuel's

BIG FREE BOOK!

Send a postcard for it now! FREE PRIZES for all buyers!! Fine Nickelled Watch illustrated, fully warranted. Post free or with handsome chain 4/6. Write Now!

H. SAMUEL Ltd. 190, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER

TRYER GREAT SALE

FOR A SHORT PERIOD ONLY WE DELIVER CARRIAGE PAID ON RECEIPT OF :

	Cash.	Deposit
SEWING MACHINES	£7/6	2/-
BICYCLES	£5/5	2/-
PRAMS	£7/6	2/-
GRAMOPHONES ..	£3/-	2/-
MANGLES	£3/-	2/-
SWAN CYCLES ..	£3/-	2/-
CLOTHES WASHER	£3/-	2/-
REFRIGERATORS ..	£10	10/-
SUCTION SWEEPERS	£3/5	10/-

Money refunded if not satisfied. Call or Write for Free Catalogues of these and other Bargains on Easy Terms.

Trade enquiries invited.

TRYER & CO., LTD.
(Dept. J.B.25)
90, Chiswell St., London E.C.1

AGAIN REDUCED. Now only

5.7.6

Carr. Paid U.K.
or £1:0:0 down and eleven monthly instalments of 9/-. Handsome Cabinet, beautifully Oak finished, and possessing an unusually pure tone and great volume. A delight both to eye and ear. One winding plays three records. Write for new catalogue NOW or examine full range of models at The Cabinet Gramophone Co. (Dept. J.B.27), 78 Camden Road, London, N.W.1. *And at 149 High St. (N.), East Ham.*

FULLOTONE No. 18 Model Worth £10.

COMPLETE WIRELESS for 32/-

PREPARE FOR THE LONG EVENINGS.

Send us 2/- as Deposit and we will send you one of our famous Crystalists complete with Daventry Coil, a Pair of our World Famed Excellaite Headphones, and Aerial Equipment. On receipt of goods, you send us a further 5/-, and then five monthly payments of 5/- only.

2/- Deposit.

HEADPHONES ONLY, 14/6. 1/- Deposit.
DE LUXE EXCELLAITE LOUD SPEAKER, £7/6. 2/- Deposit.
STERLING 2-VALVE LOUD SPEAKER SET, COMPLETE, £15 15s. 0d. 15/- Deposit.

Send for Latest Catalogue containing Wireless Bargains at Special Terms.

THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J. B.), WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

SUITS 1/6 TO MEASURE FOR WEEKLY.

Order your suit from a reliable firm of experts (established over half a century). We can submit a most comprehensive range of patterns for suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fitting suit perfectly tailored, and delivered free within seven days. Send for latest style pattern book and self-measurement form. There is no extra charge for Easy Payments, and a Suit can be purchased

Made to Measure from £2:2:0

THE "B & C" CO.,
Universal Providers,
(Dept. J/15), SOUTHAMPTON.

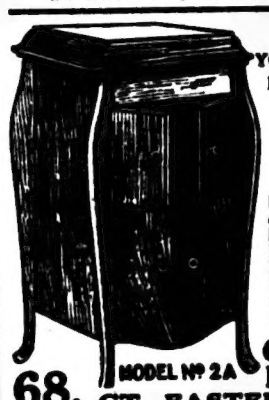
TAKE A UKELELE ON YOUR TRAVELS.

Just the thing to pass away a pleasant hour,
A really fine toned standard instrument that anyone can master in a few hours.

Sent Carriage Paid complete with FREE GIFT of Tutor and extra set of strings.

PRICE 10/6

THE STAR TRADING Co.
Dept. 80), 21 EDGWARE RD., Marble Arch, LONDON, W.2



YOURS FOR 3/- PER WEEK

Handsome Model finished Mahogany or Oak. Fitted with our Famous Double Spring 3 Record Motor, & every Mechanical Refinement. Write for ART CATALOGUE. Or Call at our new Showrooms.

MODEL No 2A

GRAMOPHONE Mfg. Co. Dept. K26
68, GT. EASTERN ST., E.C.2

Yours for Life!

MULCUTO

REALLY does make shaving a joy. It's the Mulcuto hollow-ground blade that does it— not the lathering.

POPULAR MODELS.
No. 1. Complete in compact container, 7/6, post free.
Outfit No. 2. in Pinch-lined Leatherette Case, 9/6, post free.

Illustrated leaflet sent free on request

MULCUTO MANUFACTURING COMPANY. (Dept. J.B.), Midland Bank Chambers, High Street, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA. (Late of 31 and 33, High Holborn, W.C.)

SAMPLES FREE

AMAZING! NEW REAL FLOOR COVERING 60 sq. ft. for 15/-

Thicker than Linoleum. Waterproof, Rotproof, and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 sq. ft. for 15/-; 120 sq. ft. 30/-. Larger lengths pro rata.

All rolls are two yards wide.

J. E. ANDREWS & SONS, 36, Carter Street, London S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

FLOOR COVERINGS

Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp proof. Rotproof and Sanitary. Suitable for Wood, Stone, Brick and Concrete Floors. Lies flat without any fastening.

1/11 per square yard, carr. paid to your door.

Send now for free samples of Exoleum, Congoleum and Cork Lino; also Special Rug List containing many Wonderful Bargains.

CHARLES JONES & SON
(Dept. J.B.)
82, Tower Bridge Rd., London, S.E.1
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

FREEMANS

Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Draperry, Gramophones, Watches, Clocks, Chins, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 30/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 30/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

"The Greatest of These . . . . ."

Worse than War

Ex-Service Man's Pitiable Plight

LAST week we received a despairing appeal for assistance from an ex-Service man, who declares that his present condition is more painful than anything that he had to endure during the war.

He has no pension and, through failing health, he has found it an impossibility to earn sufficient to maintain his wife and two children.

He is twenty-nine years of age, a painter by trade, but for the last three years he has not been able to work for longer periods than a few weeks at a time, with the result that he has got into arrears with his rent and found great difficulty in obtaining bare means of subsistence for his wife and family.

He has now been out of work since the middle of July. Daily he has searched for a job, but the weeks have grown into dreary months without offering any prospect of relief from his distressed condition.

Recently, upon reaching home after a day's fruitless hunt for work, he collapsed, and the doctor who was called expressed the opinion that his breakdown was due to lack of nourishment.

AT present the family is living in the shadow of fear of eviction, for while the current rent has been paid, it has not been possible to clear off arrears.

The wife's wedding-ring was pawned to meet the last demand, most of the household goods having previously gone the same way.

We have provided sufficient from the "Greatest of These—" Fund to meet the family's immediate needs and we hope that it may be possible, when this poor fellow's health has been restored, to find him employment at his trade.

We earnestly beg our readers to send us as generous contributions as possible to enable us to relieve such genuine distress.

All subscriptions are devoted in their entirety to the alleviation of distress without any deduction whatever for the expenses of administration, which are borne entirely by the Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

'The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. G. (Fife), 1s.; A Ninth from No. 9, £1 15s.; Rayfne (Ilford), 5s.; E. Compton (Tenbury Wells), 6d.; Fairfax, 1s.; E. P. (Tiverton), £1; W. Beard (Cheadle), 6d.; "Widow's Mite," 5s.; E. B. linge (Blackpool), 3s.; "Amour," 1s.; Mrs. A. M. A Sympathising Wellwisher, 1s. 2d.; Mrs. "Micky" J. H. J. (Chadwell Heath), 2s. 6d.; "Micky" (Winchmore Hill) 3d.; A Lucky "Ninth" (Upminster), 1s.; A M. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Mrs. M. Pell (Whalley), 2s. 6d.; T. L. Skinner, 10s.; Edna, 6d.; Bolton, 6d.; Ida (Shortlands), 5s.; O. R. R. H. A Wareham Reader of "John Bull," 1s.; Blackburn, 2s. 6d.; Little Marian, 1s.; Mrs. Murchington, 2s. 6d.; Mother (Wolverhampton) and Parcel of Clothes, 2s. 6d.; J. W. Keeble (Feering), 2s.; Mother, 1s.; H. G. Rice, 10s.; John Anderson, 15s.; Mary, 2s.; Ninth "M. C.," 3s. 2d.; Ex-Sgt. John, 5s.; Messrs. Hacker, Rubens & Co., £1 2s. 6d.; Surrey-st., Aldwych, 10s. 6d.; E. K. F., York, 2s. 6d.; Look, 10s.; H. Cloete, Slavia (Sarajevo), 2s. 6d.; Lock, 10s.; Tenus, 2s. 6d.; Miss M. Skelton (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; E. B. (Hindoo-Ranchi), £1; J. Williams, 1s.; 6d.; J. Forte, 2s. 6d.; Miss M. Successful Bulleteer, 5s.; T. C., 10s.; Silcock, 1s. 4d.; Essie Dale, 2s. 6d.; "Esuno," 5s.; Teesgate, 2s.; Three Domestic Servants, 6s.; F. Fellows, 5s.; Two Friends, 2s.; E. Groom, 2s. 6d.; E. B. K., 10s.; R. Bray, 10s.; Anon, 1s.; 50th Target, 1s.; Mrs. R. Bray, 10s.; Anon, 1s.; 50th Target, 1s.; Mrs. L. Needham, 1s.; Anon, 5s.; Anon, 5s.; Mrs. L. Needham, 1s.; Gersfield), 8s.; Anon, 5s.; G. F. F., 2s.; Lisa, A Roman Catholic, £5; G. F. F., 2s.; Jessie's Ninth for Luck, 5s.; One of 'Em, 6d.; "Jessie's Ninth for Luck," 2s.; 1s. 2d.; R. & S. Mumbles, 1s.; A. Friend, 5s.; Target Winner, 1s.; Arden, 1s.; A. Friend, 2s.; W. M. (Derby), 1s.; E. Wilson, 2s.; H. T., 10s.; M.Z., £5; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; A. B., 2s. 6d.; H. T., 2s. 6d.; E. H. A., 10s.; W. F. P., 4s.; F. W. P., 5s.; Another Anon, 5s.; M. Y., 4s.; F. W. P., 5s.; Another Anon, 5s.; Mrs. Hollins, 10s.; J. L., 2s. 6d.; Another, 5s.; Mrs. Hollins, 10s.; T. Sharp, 2s. 6d.; Another, 5s.; E. A. M. D., 2s. 6d.; T. Sharp, 2s. 6d.; Another, 5s.; Preston Reader, 1s.; Ring, Alice (Woodford), 1s.; Preston Reader, 1s.; Ring, Alice (Woodford), 1s.; Preston Reader, 1s.; Weekly Nurse, 1s.; Mrs.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

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SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON. *"John Bull,"*

To the Manager, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, *Sept. 25, 1926.*

27, High Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.2.

I send herewith postal order for ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, for which please send me your Special Instruction Book, containing eight pieces of music, and particulars showing how I can become a thorough musician.

NAME..... DATE.....

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NOTE.—Please fill in postal order payable to Naunton's National Music System.

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BARGAIN SALES.

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BALLOONS, plain and printed with advert. Send for lists.—Brilliant Balloon Wks., 147, Bishop Street, Birmingham.

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Boots, Socks, Riding Breeches, Leggings, Shirts, Capes, Coats, etc., etc. Lists free.— GASSON & SONS, Rye, Sussex.

CHINA FROM WORKS.—Home Outfits 32/6. Badged ware, etc. Keenest prices Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. Free. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Liverpool Pottery, Burslem.

HALF-PRICE sale of the famous "Ner-Sag" Mattress Support. Send no money—7 nights free trial. To secure this unprecedented bargain you must send the coupon appearing in the advertisement on page 3, now. Mention *John Bull*.

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BABY'S Longclothes, 75 articles 30/-. Homemade. All new. Bargain. Send 2/6 pcl. appro. —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

READERS' attention is drawn to the interesting announcement made by the Educational Book Co., on page 27 in this issue.

MUSICAL.

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JAZZ, Outfits, Ukuleles, Violins, Banjos, Saxophones, Gramophones. Lists free.—Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

CONCERTINAS, Accordions, Mandolins, Phonofiddles, Banjos, Autoharps, Ukuleles, Banjolins, Violins, Jazz Sets.—Terms, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

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SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

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RUPTURE.—Free Trial wonderful new scientific treatment. Instant relief. Stops Truss torture. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, no need for restraint. Call or write now for booklet "A" and full particulars.—Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 26, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester Street. Works: Passy, Paris.

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DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (387F), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy, 3/- bot., at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d. Stamps for sample.

NERVES OF IRON, nerve specialist's guaranteed treatment for Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Lost Vitality, Weakness, etc. POTENTOL ends all nerve disorders. Send for free Booklet.—Orde & Co., 101, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, London, S.W.1.

CONSTIPATION and Liver Troubles cured by SPEZIA'S wonderful Treatment. Permanent results. Harmless. Supplied in Pill form at 1/3 box (post free 1/4½).—J. A. DYSON & SON, 82, Gloucester Road, Brighton.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL'S, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs fleas, moths, greenfly, and all other insects. Get it from your Chemist.—"SECTO," The Sure Killer.

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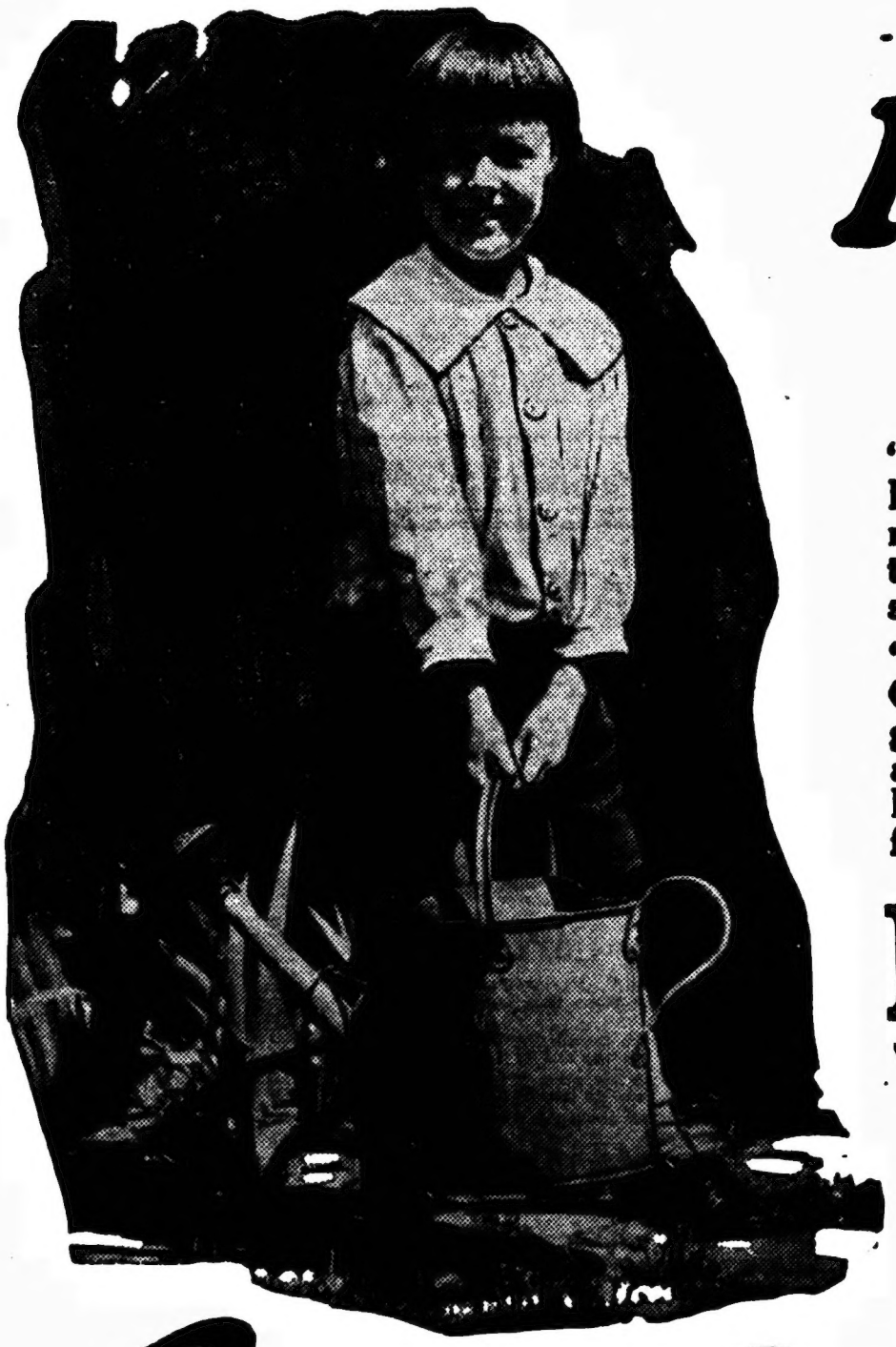

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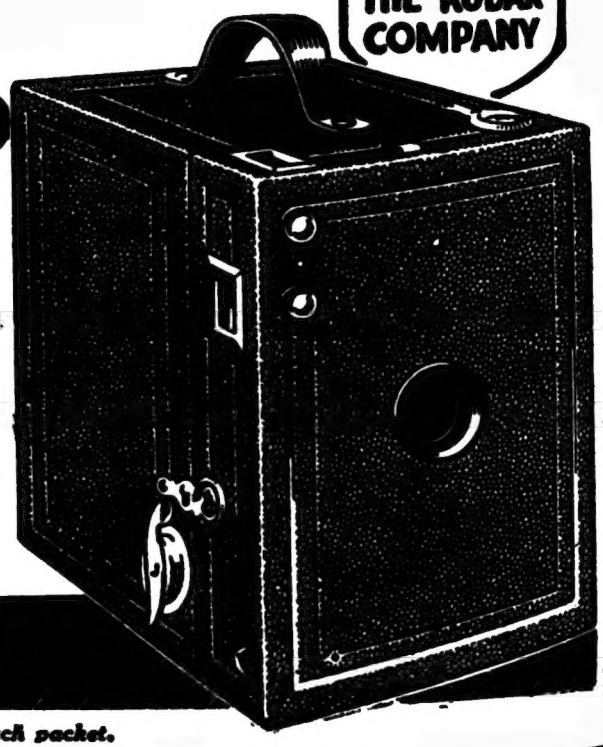

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The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Kicking the Cabinet.

The Government has learned, as the miners learned long ago, that in dealing with the coal-owners it is a case of "kick or be kicked." The Cabinet, too, has had a taste of being flung downstairs and the door slammed after it.

The Grasping Fist.

Coalowners are as ready to squeeze the Government as to squeeze the miners, and always when they had a chance they have squeezed the consumer. Manufacturers inclined to sympathise with "union smashing" had better remember that it may be their turn next.

Railway Losses.

Stronger interests than coal have, fortunately, got the Government's ear. The four great railway groups in the first thirty-five weeks of this year lost over £20,000,000 revenue—one sixth of their revenue for the same period last year.

Stop the Stoppage!

Last month, compared with August last year, iron and steel exports were down £2,000,000, cotton goods nearly £4,000,000, and British exports altogether were down by over £11,000,000. Small wonder the export trades cry "Stop the coal stoppage!"

Impartiality.

As yet, the British public is not violently partisan either way. If the mineowners don't improve their attitude it will become so. Mining is a tough job, and the man in the street realises it. He wants to see justice done.

Our Opinion.

We have always been keen critics of Mr. Churchill, therefore the more willingly we acknowledge the carefulness with which he tried to engineer peace in the coalfields. That he failed is not altogether his fault.

Their Own Shops.

Trading returns of the Co-operative Wholesale Society show decreases of as much as 6 per cent. in mining areas. By so much is the standard of living lowered, and the sufferers are chiefly women and bairns. The innocent always pay.

God's Good Gift.

In England and Wales corn is being reaped in an area 100,000 acres greater than last year. Total harvests in Europe are smaller than in 1925, but in North America larger. There's always food in plenty. When nations learn to co-operate there'll always be food for all.

The Reason Why.

Those who quote the prosperity of "Little Denmark" should give proper credit to her land laws. Use the land or pay the piper in weight of taxation is the rule.

Another Lesson.

Denmark also sets a lesson in inculcating the peace spirit. At civil functions, instead of the militarist anthem glorifying war, "There is a pleasant land," extolling the beauties of Denmark, is sung. There's more than one way of inculcating patriotism, and this little country has found it.

We Agree.

The Trades Union Congress calls for compulsory provision of a bathroom in every house and flat offered for occupation. It ought to be so. It's simple, human decency.

The Land for—Dukes.

As leases on the Bedford estate, London, fall in, an increase of 50 per cent. is demanded in rent, £200 extra per house. That's how ground landlords wax fat.

Let There be Light.

During the next six months a big effort will be made to introduce electricity into 5,000,000 more homes in this country. It's good to spread light, heat and power. But what housewives want is to see it cheaper.

Patriotism *v.* Greed.

It is encouraging to find that the League of Nations is determined to continue its investigations into the private manufacture of arms. The selling of war material by individual firms to potential national enemies borders on downright treachery.

Coming Home to Roost.

The Great Powers have themselves largely to thank for the price they are paying, and will yet be called on again to pay, for the trouble in China. Not only did they arm the war lords, but they stood impotently by while confusion grew worse.

A National Affair.

Great Britain's loss by smoke is £40,000,000 a year. One firm alone in Warrington is saving annually £25,000 since adopting smoke-prevention appliances. In face of these facts, Parliament should take drastic action.

Backward Britain.

The promoters of the Western European Steel Trust are not over anxious that Britain shall come into the combine. They claim that with our antiquated machinery and methods we should not be able to pull our weight. Here's a hint in the plainest possible words!

Win a "Bullets Twin!"

Your opportunity of a big prize is *doubled* in this week's "Twin Offer"—see p. 35

TWENTY BIG PRIZES

The Bright Spot.

A London firm has secured the £500,000 contract for 20,000 tons of pipes, "all British material," for the Rio Claro, Brazil, water-supply. A lot of little homes this winter should be happier for the order.

Slow Housing Progress.

Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P., waxes optimistic over the increased production of houses, but the rate of output for the year ending March last will have to be considerably accelerated if the shortage is to be overtaken in the next fifteen years.

Where Are the "To Lets"?

Far too many of the 696,485 houses which have been built since the war have been erected by speculative builders for sale at inflated prices. Citizens with small means are still unable to find suitable "To Let" houses.

"Minimum" Wages.

In its unemployment report, the Ministry of Labour refers to "dole" recipients "whose last rate of wages approximated closely to the rate of benefit." The moral is not, as one section of the Press suggests, that the "dole" is too high, but that wages are too low.

Death-dealing Doctors.

An alarming increase in deaths under anæsthetics demands investigation. Since 1900, the proportion of casualties under ether has risen from 7 to 28 per cent., and under chloroform from 2 to 33 per cent. This suggests gross carelessness.

He Saved Others.

James McCarthy, of Cardiff, dived fully clothed to the rescue of his fellow-townsman Cyril Biggs when the latter got into bathing difficulties at Barry Island. Biggs was saved, but McCarthy was swept away by a swift current and drowned. He gave his life—no hero can do more.

Bootless Bravery.

The horror of the Leicester parachute fatality, for which thirty women volunteered, marks the folly of amateurs taking such risks. If half the bravery expended in senseless exhibitions were put to practical uses for the help of mankind, the world would soon be transformed.

Baby Marriages.

Richard Lake, aged fifteen, charged at Wood Green and sent to a boys' remand home, was found to be a married "man" with a wife aged fifteen. We're still urging the alteration of the law that will make such folly impossible.

The Open Door.

Another large gang of international crooks has invaded London. It is said the police know them and are keeping careful watch on their movements. But why admit undesirables in the first place; or why permit them to remain once they are recognised?

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

A Bishop Hits Out.

"Some of the buildings in Somers Town are a disgrace to humanity and a scandal before God and man," says the Bishop of Willesden. Widen the indictment to cover a thousand other slums in the kingdom, and it is as true as it is tragic.

Wicked Robbery.

Some factors in the North are enriching themselves by charging wicked prices for coal of questionable value—exploitation which is a direct cause of widespread unemployment. A Government unable to stop the robbery should pass the job on to men who will.

Seeking Trouble.

The promoters of the Southend Carnival who permitted a representation of the hanging of Mr. A. J. Cook were guilty of a bit of reprehensible bad taste. Whatever one's personal opinion of this leader may be, wantonly to insult the miners at such a time was folly bordering on madness.

Alien Camouflage.

Both the Home Office and the Ministry of Labour profess to be anxious to keep out alien waiters, yet many young foreigners are entering the country by means of a permit to study as medical students, after which they seek employment in hotels and restaurants. The General Medical Council should get busy.

Not "Workshies."

It is not true that normal men and women prefer the "dole" to honest employment. The other day a Newcastle firm advertised thirty jobs for which in a few hours they had 3,000 applicants. Facts like these demolish the theory that unemployment is, to any appreciable extent, a deliberate choice of idleness.

Good News.

The Southern Railway purpose spending £13,000,000 on the development of Southampton docks. When complete they will accommodate twenty vessels of the size of the *Berengaria*. The scheme also provides for the reclamation of land to be given for recreation-grounds. This is progress of the right sort.

A Noble Lift.

Preston ought to be proud of its big-hearted magistrates. An old soldier, Thomas H. Spencer, was before them recently, and when they found that he had fought in two wars for England and was down on his luck they set him free. But not before they had sent the hat round amongst themselves to give Spencer a lift on the way to happiness.

A Moral Menace.

At Leigh, a mining district, thirteen thousand houses are badly needed. Existence for many human beings is below the standard of rich men's cattle, and conditions in many ways are a menace to health and morals. The problem is beyond solution by the local town council, and, when Parliament meets, the Minister of Health must be asked what his department proposes to do.

Another Food Scandal.

It is a national scandal that enormous quantities of excellent fish are converted into manure at Fleetwood and other ports whilst thousands of half-starved families are suffering for lack of cheap food. At a penny a pound it would be a godsend for many who rarely have a proper meal, and the profit for merchants would be good. It is a reflection on modern statesmanship that such a kink in our economic system exists.

Britain's Best Baker.

To Mr. John James Mackman belongs the proud distinction of being the best baker in the land. He directs a Hull firm of confectioners, but all the bread for competition purposes he bakes with his own hands. At the Bakers' Exhibition he won the shield, twenty-five first prizes, four seconds for confectionery, and a gold cup for the highest aggregate of points. In a word, this cheery Yorkshireman is the king of British bakers.

Happy Thought!

An out-of-work ex-officer hit upon the happy idea of calling upon clubs, business firms, and private houses, with an offer to stamp out index thumb slots in the London Telephone Directory. The work takes but ten minutes, and the charge is 2s. This ingenious gentleman is now making quite a good income. We congratulate him.

Wise Arbitration.

It has been decided to refer the dispute with reference to the wage tariff of coal trimmers to a court of enquiry, each side to nominate two representatives, to sit under a chairman appointed by the Ministry of Labour. If only the parties concerned are sincere in their desire to find an equitable solution, they will bind themselves to accept the finding of the court.

And About Time, Too!

The Glasgow Town Council has decided to clear away 1,051 slum dwellings, and to build new houses in their place. Some of the condemned tenements never saw daylight, and in certain cases the water-closets overflowed into the houses below. It is time such shocking conditions were swept away, but we trust the authorities will make interim provision for the homeless.

A Costly Bribe.

When Archibald Davidson Peacock, a Derby cotton manufacturer, next falls into the hands of the police he will hesitate about trying to bribe the officers. At Lincoln he evidently thought that the price of an inspector was a sovereign, and the fine he had to pay for his foolishness was fifty times that amount. Peacock must learn to drive his car less dangerously to save his feathers from being ruffled.

Martinet Methods.

It is officially claimed that the ban on the marriage of an Army schoolmistress to any soldier under the rank of a sergeant is due solely to housing difficulties. No private or junior N.C.O. is allotted quarters suitable for so erudite a wife. We have heard some absurd excuses in our time, but never one to beat this. In spite of the denial of the authorities, we stigmatise the regulation as an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject.

The Human Machine

Getting On

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

I HAVE just read an interesting story of a man who, for the last two years, has been earning £1,000 per year.

"How is it done?" he asks, and proceeds to answer his own question. "It is done by industry, application, adaptability, and by *creating* opportunities as well as seizing them."

Since this man's first job was that of a messenger at 7s. per week, and since he shortly expects to be in receipt of £1,500 per year, he is entitled to be listened to with respect.

His recipe for success has a familiar ring about it. It recalls many of the articles I have written in the hope of stimulating my readers to greater and ever greater efforts.

Now they have an independent witness, a man who has most certainly "got there" by the very methods I have advocated.

THERE are other things, of course. One can read into his story ambition, grim determination, endless patience and indomitable pluck. And through it all runs the anxiety to master every job that he was called on to do.

Now what is there here that is beyond the power of any normal man? What qualities did this man possess that we do not all possess?

It seems to me it can all be said in a few words: The best way to get on is to get busy getting on!

A Bankrupt Village.

There seems to be solid justice in the protest of the Wheathampstead (Herts) Parish Council, which has resigned in a body rather than face the task of finding £12,000 for a new water-supply ordered by the Ministry of Health. As a penny rate in the village only produces £60, the financial problem is acute. The Ministry should have coupled their order with sensible suggestions as to ways and means.

Law-breaking to Order.

Those motor-coach proprietors who so limit their drivers for time that they are compelled to overstep speed regulations should be prosecuted as accessories. It is outrageous to force a man into breaking the law under pain of dismissal. Lewis Beach Jones, of Bournemouth, was fined £5 at Southampton for exceeding the limit, and if his employers fail to reimburse him we may have more to say in the matter.

Counterfeiting Pests.

We congratulate Sir Ernest Wild on having sent George Wilson, an incorrigible coiner, to penal servitude for six years. "Counterfeit money," remarked the Recorder, "gets into the hands of poor people, who are tempted to pass it on, thereby rendering themselves liable to heavy penalties." This is the tragic part of it, and it is well that another of the fraternity is safely under lock and key.

"Holloway" Hospital.

Twelve times this year has Miss Madden been convicted of drunkenness, and once more she has gone to Holloway, this time for six weeks. The passion for alcohol is a disease, not a crime. However, to send this victim to prison again and again is a crime, and the sooner the law is repealed which allows magistrates to make criminals of weaklings the better for our national good name. This woman's proper place is a home, not a jail.

The New "Economy."

Poor Law Commissioners called in to replace "defaulting" guardians, ought not to undermine local standards of hours and wages. At West Ham, an extension of the working day to ten hours among the male sick-ward attendants at the Union Road Infirmary has already resulted in a third of the men losing their jobs. Such a conception of "economy" is entirely false, and at the same time grossly unfair.

Baby to the Rescue.

We, like Mr. Marshall, the West London magistrate, hate the idea of sending a woman with a young baby to prison. If, however, Florence Lane, of Church Street, Clapham, fails again to profit by the leniency of the court, she will have only herself to blame, since she has had ten convictions recorded against her for theft and shoplifting. If mother-love counts for anything with her, now is the time to prove it.

Noreen the Prodigy.

The secretary of Trinity College of Music has sent a letter of congratulation to little Noreen Millership, who at twelve years of age is the youngest child in the British Isles to pass the higher local examination for pianoforte-playing. Noreen has made a record. She got her chance. What we would like to see is an equal chance given to every child to prove its abilities. At present no such hope is possible and that's where the tight shoe of unemployment most cruelly pinches. The children always pay.

Her Life a Song.

Miss Mary Mackenzie Goodwin, of Keble Road, Oxford, has passed from this life, but sweet sounds of music will linger for her memory. She was one of the founders of the Carlisle Musical Festival, and has left £500 to be applied to the musical education of girls and lads in business, mills and factories and in helping forward a choral society for persons of the same class. No better form of monument could be raised to any woman than to put music into the hearts and lives of the daily toilers.

Arrogance of the Law.

When Charles Henry Iver, a porter, pleaded guilty to stealing upholstering trimmings from C. E. Matthews, of Castle Street, E.C., the employer stated he had no desire to prosecute, and was prepared to take the man back. Mr. Alderman Jacobs retorted that he was there to administer the law, not to be sentimental, and he remanded the prisoner in custody for a week. He should have been discharged forthwith.

A Miserable Skinflint.

William Allen, a Gosport blacksmith, though a man of considerable means, has grown so miserly of late that he has succeeded in cutting down the weekly housekeeping bill to two shillings and under. On this starvation allowance he expected three to exist. By order of the Portsmouth magistrates, in future he will have to pay his wife £2 per week, with an additional 10s. for the child. We hope he will be sent where food is provided free should he ignore the order of the court.

Even-handed Justice.

We are genuinely glad of the decision that gives to five hundred unemployed miners in Rhymney Valley £8,000 unemployment benefit due since May 1. These men signed on for work in the Powell Duffryn collieries and automatically became idle with all other miners, thus at one blow losing both their unemployment pay and their newly acquired work. The Official Referee has admitted that they are victims of the national dispute and the moneys due will be handed to them forthwith. May good luck and a better future go with it.

Toll of the Skies.

The R.A.F. death-roll this year totals sixty-four, which means that it is far and away the most dangerous arm of the Services. In marked contrast the British civil flying companies are the safest in the world. Men training for war must necessarily take risks, but the terrible death-roll of the R.A.F. shows that either these risks are foolhardy or that the aeroplanes are not in proper trim. The nation cannot afford to lose its flying men at the present terrible rate, and we call for a public enquiry.

Advertisement Justified.

Three years ago many British traders held aloof from the British Industries Fair and even manufacturers kept out of it. Those who did not reaped the benefit in busy bookings of orders that kept their machinery humming. The lesson has been learned. Next year the Fair will be held at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, and already applications for space exceed supply. It's a good sign. With active energy and judicious advertising old world markets could be captured and new ones made. Our goods are good, so why not boom them?

The Compleat Slacker.

When a boy of twelve can testify before magistrates that he has never known his father go to work it seems to us time to take that man's name from the roll of the employment exchanges. Yet this is what the young son of William Sage, an able-bodied man of forty-two, of Young Street, Custom House, E., declared when his father was summoned for assaulting his mother. Sage gets up in the morning and passes his time by "picking out winners" and betting on them with his "dole." It is such men who are the worst enemies of the genuine unemployed.

The Greatest Wrong.

Alfred Nurton, an elderly, grey-haired painter, sentenced at the Old Bailey to eight months' imprisonment, had led a sad double life. His wife was startled into realisation by a woman turning up at her home with a baby of which Nurton was the father, and when she raised objections the man found fresh accommodation and bigamously married a respectable widow. In the dock he insisted when she declared she would never live with him again. What he should have done was to weep for the wrong he had done, not only to three women but to the new generation. It is the saddest feature of all such moral lapses that the baby and its future comes in for consideration last of all.

A Doctor We Don't Like.

Dr. Hans Leo Kup, surgeon at the German Hospital, Dalston, will have to alter his methods. A woman dying from poison was taken in an ambulance to the hospital, and Dr. Kup, not even bothering to see her, ordered her to be sent away to another hospital as he had no bed available. The Hackney coroner very rightly condemned Dr. Kup for not seeing what he could do to save the woman. We consider Dr. Kup's behaviour as a slur on the reputation of the profession.

A Long Exposure.

For over twelve months a Burnham-on-Sea reader has been waiting for delivery of a photograph for which she paid £1 to H. Berry, of Horfield Road, Bristol. When we wrote to Mr. Berry some little time back he stated that the photograph was being completed and would be sent off. This promise has not been fulfilled and subsequent correspondence has been ignored. We publish this as a warning to others.

Oh these Tipsters!

H. S. Williams, of Siloh Road, Landore, Swansea, claims that he knows how to make racing pay. We do not doubt that he speaks truthfully, for his system is most attractive—for him. Briefly his plan is to back horses and let you pay him for doing it! He does not send out his tips, but he is willing to put the money on for you if you send him the stakes and £1 "only for postal expenses," etc. Oh, it pays all right!

A Bad Let-down.

The Trades Facilities Company, "Organising Business Consultants," of Broad Street, Nottingham, is not quite the type of business concern which its name would imply. A Tredegar reader forwarded 2s. 6d. for "genuine opportunities of substantially increasing" his income, and received a nasty shock when the post brought him a slim booklet of "plans and instructions." These turned out to be formulæ for "removing superflous hair" and corn cures! Words fail us!

Amateur Homework Rampers.

A Welsh reader who once had dealings with Iles, of Bristol, states that he has lately been pestered with identical mail-order offers from six different people in various parts of the country. Presumably the senders are misguided people who have purchased the trashy printed matter from some home-employment monger who has also furnished them with a mailing list. We therefore refrain from publishing their names, but we trust that this paragraph will catch the eyes of all such amateurs and act as a warning.

A Curious Coincidence.

Coincidence is a strange thing. G. Edwards, of 54, Walpole Road, Bromley, Kent, and T. Lumley, of Rose Tree Cottage, Stanley Road, Newmarket, are racing tipsters. Each has just "retired" from the Turf; each is sending out circulars; each says he "will introduce a system which will bring you in £2 per week." Each offers his system at 5s. weekly; 10s. for three weeks, or £1 for seven weeks. We think that each ought to set about suing the other for infringement of copyright!

Home-seekers Beware.

The House and Apartment Agency, of 32, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C., claims to have taken over the business of the Housing Association (Regd.), late of Berners Street, W. All this may sound impressive, but the man at the wheel is J. Ashby Dennis, whom we have previously had occasion to criticise on account of a propensity for working the investment-with-employment dodge. In his present venture he asks house-hunters for £5 5s. before supplying them with possible addresses, but takes care to offer a refund if the investor is not suited. All the same if we wanted a house he wouldn't get our £5 5s.!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FREE INSURANCE GIFT

See page 2.

Problems of Life.

Vanity and the Group Mind

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

M. POINCARE is the latest of a long succession of French Premiers to attempt the colossal and unpopular task of putting his country's finances in order.

M. Poincare

By what appears to outsiders a stranger perversity of mind, the French Press refuses to face the facts of the situation, but instead goes on abusing England and America as the authors of France's misfortune.

The columns of French newspapers are filled day by day with laudatory comments on French courage, French cleverness, French superiority to all other nations in the refinements of life, and with corresponding attacks on British, German or American sordidness, baseness and treachery.

A clergyman just returned from a visit to France told me that he got along excellently with his host (who was a really cultured and kind-hearted man) until the question of war debts came up.

Instantly the atmosphere changed. The Frenchman bitterly accused England of having artificially depressed the franc for her own selfish ends, and even of having avoided all sacrifice during the war. "Your soldiers did no fighting," he said; "they only lolled about and attended moving-picture shows."

MY friend ventured to remark that the graves of nearly a million British dead on French soil told another story.

It was no use. The man to whom he was speaking had no admiration except for France, no pride in any achievements but hers, no goodwill to any nation that seemed stronger or more prosperous than she.

Before we too hastily condemn obtuseness of this kind let us ask whether we are ever guilty of it ourselves.

Undoubtedly we are. Perhaps not so much where our country is concerned—in fact, we are far too ready to run our country down; it is a bad habit of ours—but quite as crudely in other ways.

It is a form of vanity, all the more dangerous because called by other and grander names, such as patriotism, loyalty to our kin and the like.

WE do not tolerate a man who boasts about himself or expresses open hatred of a rival. If we enjoy being applauded and admired we have at least to bear ourselves modestly in public or people would soon drop us.

But somehow we feel free to gratify our personal vanity by transferring its expression to the family, class, profession, locality or race to which we belong, and in doing this we often give vent to very ugly feelings of active dislike for persons not belonging thereto.

It is one of the greatest evils of our time, political, economic, social and moral, and all right-minded people should combine against it.

SCANDALOUS RURAL COLONY

CRUEL BETRAYAL OF EX-SOLDIERS

Acres of Heartache

LAST year the Ministry of Agriculture gave itself an enthusiastic pat on the back in its report on land settlement for the years 1919–1924.

"In no country in the world," runs the report, "has so great an effort been made by public authorities to settle discharged sailors and soldiers on the land.

"Nowhere has so much public money been expended on land settlement. Nowhere have public authorities erected *permanent* dwelling-houses for the occupation of so large a proportion of the men settled." The italics are ours.

When the Ministry published the above words it must have forgotten the Patrington Crown Estate at Sunk Island, East Yorks.

Not so very long ago we drew public attention to the settlement at Patrington. We told how the original scheme for settling trained ex-service men on the land there as independent small-holders had been abandoned in favour of a profit-sharing colony scheme.

A deplorable muddle

We told also of the unhappy results; of the muddles of the Whitehall farmers who controlled—or, rather, mis-controlled—the colony.

And we suggested that it was up to the Ministry to review the whole situation and endeavour to convert its deplorable muddle into the success it should have been.

Alas! Our timely warning seems to have fallen upon deaf ears. Instead of making an effort to retrieve the past, the Ministry has apparently given way to despair.

It has decided, without Parliamentary sanction, to scrap the colony, which means that the ex-service men on the estate, numbering with their wives and families about 250, will be turned adrift!

This must never be! To crown a record of bungling with such a gross betrayal is little short of criminal; and when it comes from a department which penned the report quoted it is the more despicable!

The men who are thus faced with the prospect of being turned out of their "permanent" homes have asked the Ministry to reconsider its decision with a view to carrying on the settlement for a further period of five years, and, in the meantime, to hold an enquiry.

Putting its house in order

The Ministry should have held a searching enquiry long ago with a view of putting its house in order.

Let us examine the facts in order that the public may grasp the full enormity of the scandal.

The Patrington Farm Settlement was launched in 1917 by the authority of Parliament as the first colony for ex-service men under the Small Holding Colonies Act of 1916.

The 2,362 acres then acquired was looked upon at that time as the most fertile land in Yorkshire. Much of it had been worked very profitably by tenant-farmers who were loth to be ousted from their tenancy.

Wealthy farmers

Originally it had formed part of the estuary of the Humber, but was rendered available by reclamation. Farmers who are tenants of the Government on precisely similar land in the district are becoming wealthy.

An instance is on record of a man who started his son on a farm and advanced him £2,000. Within two years the son had repaid the whole!

From this it will be apparent that wherever the fault of the settlement failure lies, it is not in the nature of the land.

Nor can the failure be said to be due to lack of funds. When we say that the abandonment of the scheme

The Rt. Hon. Walter Guinness, M.P., Minister of Agriculture, who should hold an enquiry into the management of the Patrington Crown Estate

now would incur a loss of a capital expenditure of £80,000, it will be seen that the purse-strings have not been tied.

Ambition stunted

No! The explanation is to be found in the truism: "You can't farm estates by issuing orders from Whitehall!"

Everyone knows that official restrictions and orders stunt individual endeavour and ambition. How galling it must have been for these ex-Service men, many of them experienced farmers, to have to obey the amateurs in authority.

Many were well aware that they were heading for disaster and destruction, yet they had no choice but to do as they were told.

As recently as three months ago a Government inspector and the director of the colony went to Shrewsbury at Government expense to purchase cattle.

It was decided that the price was too high and that they could do better in Norfolk. So to Norfolk they went and ultimately paid more there than they would have done in the first place!

Then the Whitehall farmers decided that it would be better to have a weighbridge installed on the estate. The weighbridge was duly installed—and has been standing idle ever since!

When poultry-farming was suggested as an experiment, all the necessary paraphernalia, costing hundreds of pounds, was installed.

Just as it was becoming a paying proposition, it was scrapped in favour of rabbit-breeding!

The Ministry has never been content to let the estate work out its own salvation on the lines adopted by the successful farmers with years of local experience, but has squandered thousands of pounds in absolutely useless "experimenting."

A preposterous excuse

Over £8,000 was tied up in steam ploughs, and when a representative of JOHN BULL recently made a tour of inspection he saw these costly "toys" standing out in the stubble like vessels stranded on a barren shore.

And with all the machinery the estate maintains just as many draught horses, so machines designed for economy have proved costly "extras."

Yet, in the face of this extravagance and waste, the Ministry throws the blame upon the Treasury, stating that it will not sanction the continuance of the colony after April, 1927.

We are not surprised at the Treasury's refusal to sanction such wicked squandermania as seems to have possessed the Ministry of Agriculture in this instance; but for the Ministry to offer this refusal as an excuse is preposterous.

"Nowhere has so much public money been expended in land settlement," boasted the Ministry in its report, and we are inclined to add "Nowhere has so little been done."

The Ministry of Agriculture has not a leg to stand upon. It had a valuable estate and unlimited funds at its disposal for running that estate on business-like and profitable lines.

Back to the—"dole"

It has erred for nine years by attempting to run the colony from Whitehall, yet it will not admit its mistake. The sooner it does so, and the sooner it promotes a full public enquiry, the better it will be for all concerned.

With competent and experienced farmers in control, the Patrington estate should soon develop into a flourishing settlement.

But whatever the ultimate fate of this colony may be, one thing is imperative.

Not a single family must be turned adrift! Not a single man who has been encouraged in the past with the "Back to the land!" cry must be thrown "Back on the dole!"

Blood in the Mortar

More Assurance Victims

OUR great insurance companies, no doubt, pride themselves upon their stately office buildings, with their marble columns, carved woodwork and costly fitments.

But if you told them that they owe their luxurious offices to the poor and helpless whom they have robbed in a shameless and barefaced fashion they would not be pleased.

They would not be pleased because they would find it difficult to dispute the truth.

However much they may endeavour to blind themselves to the facts, they cannot ignore such damning cases as those which have recently been brought to light by our Industrial Assurance Bureau.

What could they hope to say, for instance, in reply to a case like the following?

A Newry reader started paying premiums on policies in 1911 and continued to do so until 1924, when unemployment rendered it impossible for him to carry on.

Octogenarian's plight

The company lapsed his policies, and although he had paid over £103 it refused to give him a single penny in return.

In 1912 another reader commenced paying premiums on his own life and five years later took out an additional policy. He continued to pay on both policies until 1923, by which time he had paid £28 5s. for policy value of £19.

When at the age of eighty he could no longer continue payments the policies lapsed and the company kept every penny of the money paid!

In another instance a Cardiff lady insured a relation in 1908 and continued payments until 1922. By that time she had paid £17 on a policy value of £5 8s. In other words, she had paid more than three times the amount insured!

The assured person died recently and not a single penny has been paid by the company in respect of this transaction.

A Milton reader took out a policy for £10 16s. in 1912, and continued to pay premiums until 1923. By then he had paid £14 6s.—considerably more than the amount assured.

On a later date this gentleman found himself unable to keep up his payments. The policy lapsed and no refund was made.

A national scandal

The cases which we have cited are typical of thousands of other cases where thrifty people have paid their savings into the hands of the assurance companies for years without receiving anything in return.

The aggregate amount which the companies have pocketed in this way must be very substantial indeed, and, in our opinion, the transactions are scandalously unfair.

Our Bureau is doing all it can to recover money for the unfortunate victims, but the question is one which demands national attention.

A DEAD MAN'S INDICTMENT

SHOCKING STORY OF EXPLOITATION

Suicide's Illuminating Bank-book

THERE is no man so low, but has some spark of conscience left in him. That being so, there are a number of rogues who will surely be haunted to their dying day by the memory of George Thomas Laverty.

Laverty hanged himself in despair after losing all his savings. His story drives home with tragic emphasis how shameful is the profession of those who, since the war, have devoted their perverted talents to robbing ex-Service men.

At the outbreak of war Laverty was a naval pensioner. He was called to the Colours, but was found unfit for duty at sea.

Determined to serve his country, he succeeded in passing the Army tests and finally was given a commission in the Royal Flying Corps.

He was not demobilised until 1922. He had only his modest naval pension to depend on, some £70 a year, and naturally he looked around for some investment for his savings, which amounted to £600.

Preying on innocence

Like many another ex-Service man, he had learned better to look after his country than to look after himself. Innocent of financial ways, he fell an easy victim.

His first £200 was extracted from him by a person who promised to pay him £3 per week "by way of interest," security being "first charge on the assets" of a certain firm and also on the "estate" of the said person.

It was the old, old story. The £3 per week did not last long, and he never recovered the £200.

His next adventure was with a scoundrel named W. T. Ferres, well known to JOHN BULL readers, trading as H. Stuart and Co., "Moleskin Specialists and British and Colonial Skin Merchants."

Ferres extracted from him another £100.

A desperate resort

Ferres spoke of a turnover of £20,000 and attributed his lack of ready money to the fact that he had to employ all his savings in purchasing the building in which he had his offices.

He was having a bad time, but prospects were good, and Laverty could depend on 30s. per week and a fourth share of the profits, which in less than two years would be worth "more than £500 per annum."

He invested another £100 in a partnership. We should not be prepared to say that this was an intentional swindle, but it is clear that he never got the money back.

In desperation he sought the advice of a notorious "business transfer agent" whose dupes can be numbered by the score.

What happened is not clear from the documents left by Laverty, but we may reasonably infer that the person in question did not succeed in putting his tottering finances on a sound basis.

About the same time, another £100 faded away in a limited liability company. Poor Laverty still had £200 left.

We may presume that by this time he was growing weary, but there were still enterprising concerns willing to take his money.

At that time he got into touch with the National Publishing and Associated Organisations, Ltd., a concern which has been severely criticised in these pages.

The proposal looked so good that he parted with his last £200.

In return he was presented with a beautiful share certificate, sealed and signed, which showed him to be the registered proprietor of 200 fully-paid ordinary shares.

This last investment went the way of all the others, and the duped man fell into a state of utter despondency.

He was too old to find work, and his opportunities of investing his savings in such a way as to guarantee the comfort of his declining years had vanished for ever.

A melancholy relic

There was a bank-book left among his effects, which makes melancholy reading, and tells in a few figures the whole sorry story. If ever he glanced over it, it would not brighten his outlook.

On the one side of the book are the entries showing all the payments to which we have referred. On the other side, we see where the money came from. In one case it was drawn from savings certificates, and in another from his deposit account.

His pension was a mere pittance in these expensive days, and the poor fellow's mind apparently became unhinged through brooding over his misfortunes.

Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, who condemned the employment-with-investment ramp as the most common form of swindling in the country

He wandered the other day to Waltham Cross, and in a spinney near the New River his body was found hanging from a tree.

The coroner, who read the story of Laverty's misfortunes from the documents left in the possession of his landlord, was bitter in his comments.

"It has been a positive scandal," he said, "the number of cases we have had of rogues battening on the sufferings of ex-Service men and sucking from them whatever money they have."

He did not mention any names, and we have therefore done so, in the hope that these same rogues may realise their deadly responsibility.

Some will say that Laverty was a fool. Possibly that is true. But what of the others?

Wonderful Warbling

Voice Culture by Post

A YOUNG Leeds lady who was interested in music was attracted by an advertisement which told in glowing terms of a course of training guaranteed to improve one's voice.

She wrote to the Perfect Voice Institute, of 1,922, Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, and in due course received a bulky packet of printed matter.

It declared that a "momentous revolution in the development of voice" had arrived, and that in the "simple but profoundly efficient system perfected by Eugene Feuchtinger, A.M., are included all the elements and essentials of the most perfect and certain method of voice development known to the world to-day."

If any further word was needed there was the "message from an Englishman in India."

Caruso challenged

After only a fortnight of the course this gentleman declared that he "sounded like a real dramatic tenor." Yet this pupil had spent ten years of "futile struggles" under other systems.

The gentleman in India was delighted with his remaining lessons, which he pronounced to be the last word.

So, having read how a voice that had been nearly ruined in Italy, France and Germany was saved by postal training conducted from America, the Leeds lady decided to give the institute a trial.

Unavailing threats

She duly enrolled as a pupil, paying her fees in instalments. As she did not experience any benefit from the lessons, she decided to discontinue them, and wrote to that effect.

Ever since then she has been pestered with follow-up letters from the Chicago Perfect Voice merchants, pressing her to continue.

They also continued to send the later lessons, and indicated that their refusal or return would not "diminish the legal liability."

Finding threats unavailing the Perfect Voice Institute resorted to other tactics. Our reader was informed that if she paid up at once it would send her a string of pearls or a set of books on manners!

It may well claim to have discovered new methods of voice production!

Some Hidden Clues

A Fair Test for "Fairtests"

A READER who recently answered an agency advertisement received a communication from the Fairtests Crossword Puzzle Co., of Great Eastern House, 154, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

"We run a £250 weekly competition, coupons 1s. each," ran the letter, "and 20 per cent. of any surplus is devoted to London hospitals."

A supply of coupons was enclosed and the applicant was informed that there should be no difficulty in selling large numbers weekly.

Competitors should send their solutions direct to the company with a postal order for 1s. for each attempt. The agent would be remunerated for his services at the rate of 5s. in the pound on his weekly takings.

Taking a wise course

The applicant in this case was rather dubious, and he forwarded the documents to us for our opinion.

We were struck with several things. In the first place, the names of the London hospitals were not specified, and the same haziness was apparent throughout.

It struck us that the fairest test for the Fairtest Crossword Puzzle Company would be for a representative to call at its offices. He was received by the secretary, Mr. Stephen De Beer.

When it was pointed out that the printed matter was somewhat indefinite in its reference to "London hospitals," Mr. De Beer declared that he was negotiating with one hospital for permission to use its name, but nothing had been decided.

A strange silence

So far as the prize-money was concerned the secretary stated that this was "quite all right," but he was not able to supply the name of the company's bankers.

He promised, however, to supply a banker's reference "within forty-eight hours."

A good many "forty-eight hours" have elapsed since then, but nothing has been heard from Mr. De Beer.

Reference to Somerset House dist closes the fact that up to a recendate the company had not been registered under the Business Names Act.

"Fairtests" have been given a fair test, and until more definite information is forthcoming the public should proceed with caution.

TERRIBLE MR. TERRY

A DECK-CHAIR COLLAPSE

Salt on his Tale

FROM housing to deck-chairs is a long jump. But all schemes come alike to those out to fleece the public. And the law seems powerless to stop them!

QUITE a number of people, including business men and private creditors, are most anxious to discover the present whereabouts of a certain enterprising housing specialist by the name of Horace Charles Terry.

Terry recently had an office at 37, New Oxford Street. He is there no longer, and the landlord is in possession.

And the landlord himself is perturbed over the sudden disappearance of Horace, there being a substantial sum outstanding for rent.

The wherefore of Terry's "fade-out" provides an interesting story.

We recently commented somewhat adversely on a firm of which he was the principal, L. Walter and Sons, of the New Oxford Street address.

Passing on the blame

Terry, it is apparent, is one of the most reckless promoters in the whole range of self-styled housing specialists.

Our readers already know of his connection with the British Economy Association, Ltd., a disgraceful ramp in which he and an associate named William James Cordwell caused house-purchase investors to lose many thousands of pounds.

Terry adopted a pose of moral obligation, but Cordwell shouldered the entire responsibility.

Terry resigned before the crash came, and immediately opened in business at Plymouth as "Terry's."

In the same building, Cordwell put up his sign as "H. Fletcher and Co.," which firm also had offices at 110, Charing Cross Road, London.

After entering into various housing propositions, Terry departed from Plymouth, and we next hear of him as "L. Walter and Sons" of New Oxford Street.

The methods which had proved so unfortunate with the British Economy Association, Ltd., were followed almost exactly by the new venture. People were persuaded to deposit money with Terry on a house-purchase scheme.

Some pretence was made of building, but, in some cases, it has proved to be the old story of vanished deposits and no houses.

One London man, for example, paid over to Terry a sum of £105 as an advance on the price of two cottages. He is now unable to find either the cottages or Mr. Terry. There are many other victims in the same plight.

A car deal

Housing is not the only direction in which this smooth-tongued young fellow has adopted a questionable line of action.

It is usual these days for a "builder and decorator," as Terry styled himself, to have a car for use in business. Terry decided on a Vauxhall, and obtained one from a well-known firm in Portland Street, on the hire-purchase system.

He paid the first instalment—he had to—but nothing more. After a number of applications, the firm received a reply from Terry stating that he was dissatisfied with the deal and that they could recover the car from a certain garage where it was being repaired.

On enquiry at the garage, it was found that the car had been sold to them for £55.

An empty threat

Another motor firm had a more amusing experience over a car deal with a former member of L. Walter and Sons, Leslie W. Terry.

Payment was disputed and Leslie wrote in the following incoherent and unpunctuated strain:

"I have had nothing but trouble since I dealt with you the Rover car was no good in my opinion and others and I have come to the conclusion now that I shall have to take advice from JOHN BULL'S legal department to see if I am getting a square deal it does not seem like it to me."

Mr. H. E. Burgess
Senior Official Receiver

Our Legal Department did not receive the threatened visit.

Another of Horace Terry's recent escapades relates to the collapsible subject of deck-chairs. His concern acquired an interest in the exploitation of a certain patent.

Afterwards he got in touch with a gentleman who held another deck-chair patent, and the proposal was mooted that the two patents should be combined.

Our tolerant law

An agreement was discussed, but never materialised. Meanwhile, the owner of patent No. 2 had handed over a quantity of material to Terry. On the proposal falling through he found that it had disappeared.

The police finally traced the goods to an inn at Wembley where they had been sold to the proprietor.

It is clearly time that Terry's activities were scotched. And something ought also to be done about his old friend Cordwell of H. Fletcher and Co. (sometimes Fletcher and Co.).

It is a scandalous thing that either of these two gentlemen should be permitted to open new businesses before they have satisfactorily explained the affair of the bankrupt British Economy Association, Ltd.

A FIG FOR IT

FOOLS, FIGS AND PERLZWEIG

A Dividend of Contempt

WONDERFUL tales are being told by representatives of share-dealing companies. By a careful selection of victims, and profiting by knowledge easily obtained, a good harvest is gathered

AT 30, Broad Street House, London, E.C., is to be found a philanthropic concern known as the Land and Commercial Syndicate.

During the past few weeks a certain individual claiming to represent the concern has been interesting himself in the sale of shares of a company called Radium Ore Mines, Ltd., which has been criticised in these pages on more than one occasion.

The mines have never earned anything but contempt from the shareholders, and quite a number of unsuspecting people have recently been imposed upon by various touting agencies which make a speciality of pushing these worthless shares.

The Land and Commercial Syndicate has an extraordinary history. Its present directors, according to the available returns, are two gentlemen with the interesting names of Jacob Perlzweig and Barnet Parker.

Fortunes for all!

The former resides at Blackstock Road, Finsbury Park, whilst his colleague hails from Stamford Hill Mansions, Stoke Newington, N.

The secretary of this syndicate is Mr. Arthur Norden, a gentleman on whom we shall comment later.

The Land and Commercial Syndicate, Ltd., has not always operated under its present title. Until about a year ago it was known as the Land and Planting Syndicate, Ltd., its name being changed by an extraordinary resolution.

Under its former title it did not dabble in radium ore shares, but confined itself to boosting a wonderful scheme for making fortunes for all, its slogan being "Eat Figs for Health; Grow Figs for Wealth!"

In an elaborate brochure the Land and Planting Syndicate told a story "of facts that read like fiction," and urged British investors to purchase plots of land in Texas.

These plots would be obligingly developed by the syndicate as fig orchards in return for a modest percentage of the profits, which, it was hinted, were likely to be substantial.

"Such an investment," the brochure declared, "will provide an average yield after the third year, of at least 50 per cent. per annum, and will steadily increase as time goes on.

A striking omission

"Few people realise the importance of the fig industry from a commercial standpoint.

"Ever since the sturdy pioneers of Southern Texas built their homes and fenced their gardens and house lots, fig-trees have been allowed to occupy some of the space within the enclosures. . . . ."

Apparently, the directors did not think it necessary to point out to intending investors that British subjects could not acquire a valid title to land in Texas unless they were *bona-fide* inhabitants of that State.

Very shortly after this impudent endeavour to gull the public into believing that their philanthropic syndicate was willing to give away valuable orchard lands for a mere song, certain directors resigned.

It was at about this time that Mr. Norden came upon the scene and took up the duties of secretary.

A cruel ramp

Arthur Norden is an active figure in the world of high finance, who trades under the registered business name of the Anglo-Colonial Investment Corporation, Broad Street House, E.C.—the same address, it should be noted, as that of the Land and Commercial Syndicate.

A little while back he interested himself in the finances of a lady over seventy years of age.

The lady in question was the holder of certain shares in Broomassie Mines. On the winding up of this venture she received a communication from the secretary of West African Gold Mines and Estates to the effect that it was hoped to acquire the Broomassie property.

In this event former shareholders would be given an opportunity of participating in a new issue.

To make this offer more attractive a substantial bonus was included. The lady in question paid £10 for 100 West African 2s. shares and was given a further 200 shares as a bonus.

Confidence abused

Shortly after, Norden made a personal call, representing himself as a broker. He was accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as the secretary of the Westminster Bond and Trust Co., of London Wall.

They told her they knew she was the holder of 300 West African shares, and informed her that they could dispose of them for her at 8s. each.

By this means they induced her to pay £50 for 500 more shares, and assured her that she would soon reap a profit of 6s. a share.

Norden called upon her repeatedly until he had loaded this unfortunate lady with 5,500 shares which were really of no value whatever!

But even this did not content the grasping Norden. Having completely gained the lady's confidence, he prevailed upon her to let him have additional securities for sale.

Most of these securities were sound stock and realised £2,852 odd. In return for this Norden handed his victim a certificate for 1,900 shares in a trumpery concern.

The outcome of her association with Arthur Norden resulted in a very serious loss to her.

It is clear, therefore, that any propositions put forward by the latter concern should be regarded with marked distrust.

AN UNPOPULAR CHARITY

POULTRY-FARMING AS A SIDE-LINE

A Highly Coloured Appeal

IN Notting Dale, the north side of Kensington, is one of the worst slum districts in the whole of London. Many little ones run about the streets with scarcely any clothes and without shoes and stockings, while their poor, pinched, little faces tell their own stories of habitual hunger.

Their "homes" are hopeless, and in many cases scarcely fit for human habitation. Doors hang from the hinges and broken windows are stuffed up with rags or patched over with paper to keep out the draughts.

Even on the coldest winter day a large number of the grates are without even a spark of fire. It is in such "homes" as these that families of eight and ten have to exist.

While such a black hole exists, how can we expect the rising generation to be other than one of unhealthy weaklings?

The above words are not ours. They are taken from an appeal made by the Children's Welcome Club and Welfare Centre, of Hunt Street, Latimer Road, which claims to be "the children's one bright spot in this terrible district."

A gallant fight has been put up, we are told, to bring some little brightness into the lives of "a great many of these little ones."

Different opinion

In view of the extravagant phraseology used, and the fact that appeals are being widely circulated, Mrs. Somers-Yeates, the head of the committee, and her husband, Mr. P. Somers-Yeates, who describes himself as "F.P.C. (Lond.)" and "M.S.P.," certainly seem to be tackling their self-appointed task with a will.

Anxious to know a little more of this wonderful movement, we sent a representative to inspect the "Welcome Club" at Notting Dale.

He found that its functions were not apparently favoured with much local support, the district branch of the Charity Organisation Society considering it to be a superfluous institution!

A number of local officials, with a first-hand knowledge of the district, have also expressed the opinion that the wording of the appeal was hardly justifiable.

A strange combination

Apart from this, we find that the London County Council views the movement with distrust, and in a report sent by them to an enquirer, it confirms the opinion of the Charity Organisation Society.

In view of all the existing provisions for the welfare of the local children, the "Welcome Club" is considered to be superfluous.

Now, Mr. Somers-Yeates does not spend the whole of his time at Latimer Road.

At an office in Abbey House, Westminster, he is interested, as managing director, in a company which possesses the long-winded title of "The Somerville Catering Company and Children's Country Holiday Camps (1926), Ltd."

This lung-straining company, in which Mrs. Yeates is the only other director, was formed as recently as June last, with a nominal capital of £1,500, many of the shares having gone to Mr. and Mrs. Somers-Yeates for consideration "other than cash."

A short time ago an advertisement appeared in the *Church Times*, asking for ladies to help with a poultry-farm, with a view to subsequent investment.

A lady living in Essex answered this announcement and received a reply from Mr. Somers-Yeates, written on notepaper headed "Children's Country Holiday Camp," and giving his Victoria Street address.

Mr. Somers-Yeates informed the enquirer that he was securing further lands for the erection of holiday bungalows and tea-gardens twenty-two miles out of London.

Although the ground in question had nothing whatever to do with the children's holiday scheme, he proposed ultimately to run the two together as one business.

Why the secrecy?

He wanted ladies who answered his advertisement to put money into the business in return for a position.

One lady put £200 into the company and her experience was far from satisfactory. Although it is only a month or two since she paid her money, she has already been to see JOHN BULL about it.

This is not exactly encouraging for other intending investors who may have been attracted by the *Church Times* announcement.

In the same way, the administration of the Hunt Street home does not inspire confidence. For two years the Charity Organisation Society has tried to obtain balance-sheets from Mr. and Mrs. Somers-Yeates.

Many of its letters have been ignored; but one reply received was illuminating.

Mr. Cyril Jacobs, Chairman of the Public Control Committee, L.C.C.

It did not enclose the requested balance-sheets, but gave the gratuitous information that "accounts, together with a report of our work, are published annually and supplied to subscribers."

Supplied to subscribers! Why not to the Charity Organisation Society, which understands all there is to be known about proper charity administration and which exists to put down bogus concerns?

There are many features about this combination of charity with business which, to say the least, are open to grave objection, and the public should take every precaution when considering any offers or appeals which Mr. Somers-Yeates or his wife may put forward.

A REMARKABLE INQUEST

WITNESSES ON THE RACK

A coroner should have three virtues, shrewdness, fairness and tact. And the greatest of these is tact

THE office of coroner is not only the most ancient, but is possibly the most responsible of all appointments held under the English law.

The person who holds the office must, if he is properly to fulfil his duties, have certain qualities, not the least of which is a tactful manner in conducting his enquiries.

The very reason for holding an inquest at all is that there is a possibility of doubt as to the manner in which death has been caused. Indiscretion on the part of the coroner may easily throw unwarranted suspicion on perfectly innocent people.

In this respect we have certain criticisms to make regarding the manner in which Mr. A. K. Mowll, Deputy-Coroner for East Kent, conducted a recent inquest at Cheriton.

Cruel comments

Throughout the proceedings, which lasted for two days, he made a series of comments which had the effect of throwing suspicion on certain witnesses.

The inquest was held on Albert Perry, a retired Army man, who lived at Royal Artillery Avenue with a Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Whyte. He was found dead one morning through gas-poisoning.

A startling warning

Apparently he had pushed a tube from a bracket outside his bedroom underneath the door and had stuffed paper in the window-frame and in the doorway in order to make sure of his own demise.

The coroner himself said that the facts all pointed to suicide.

None the less, owing to the pertinent remarks made by Mr. Mowll during the inquest, the greatest pain was caused to poor Mr. and Mrs. Whyte.

For example, when a son of the dead man was asked if he knew any reason why his father should have taken his life, and he replied, "He had a very bad temper," Mr. Mowll remarked, "If he had a very bad temper he was not likely to take his life by gas-poisoning."

Then when he called Mrs. Whyte he informed her darkly that "Before he swore her in he thought it was necessary for him to warn her that what she said might in certain possibilities be given in evidence against her."

This strikes us as a very extraordinary remark for any coroner to make in the circumstances.

Foul suspicion

The feelings of Mrs. Whyte may well be imagined, particularly when the coroner announced his intention of adjourning the inquest for a day in order that a *post mortem* might be held.

"It might reveal nothing or it might reveal something else," said Mr. Mowll, sending a shudder round the court.

On the resumption of the inquest the result of the *post mortem* dispelled in the minds of most people any suspicion of foul play.

Even then the coroner was not satisfied.

When Mr. William John Whyte was called he received the same treatment as his wife.

The kinder jury

Mr. Mowll told him that he did not want him to think that there was any suspicion against him (as if the poor man could help thinking anything else!), "but he was bound to warn him that in certain possibilities the evidence he gave might be used against him."

Mr. Mowll's summing-up seems to us remarkable.

He spoke at length on some motives which might have led to something other than suicide, although telling the jury, who of course returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst temporarily insane," that he could not see any evidence pointing to other than suicide.

We are quite aware of the zealous and efficient way in which Mr. Mowll carries out his duties, but we certainly feel that in this case he owes a handsome apology to Mr. and Mrs Whyte.

HAM—AND A BAD EGG!

THE ALL-WRONG RESTAURANT

Another Employment Fiasco

THE sympathy of all our readers, we know, will go to Mr. F. A. Thrower, his wife and child, who are the victims of one of the most heartless employment-with-investment offers that has ever been brought to our notice.

Mr. Thrower before the war was a barman, and since then also has had experience in the licensed trade. After two and a half years' Army service he accumulated about £70.

Being naturally ambitious and anxious to turn to useful account his little nest-egg, Mr. Thrower thought he saw a good opportunity to better his circumstances when he read the following advertisement in a North London newspaper last March:

Wanted. Man with £50 to Invest in Business. Wages £4 per week: twelve months' employment guaranteed. Investment refunded on termination. Splendid opportunity.

A fatal omission

Mr. Thrower promptly replied to the box number given, and in due course received a letter requesting him to call on the Empress Provision Company, purveyors of cooked hams, etc., whose depôt was a disused stable at 50, Ivy Street, Hoxton, E.

He met a plausible gentleman, named Henry Humphries, who appeared to be thriving on the proceeds of the cooked ham business.

Associated with him was a woman clerk named Margaret Alice Brobyn, and between them they induced Mr. Thrower to believe he was just the man the Empress Provision Company wanted as a roundsman.

Twelve months certain employment at £4 per week, and the return of his £50 at the end of his service, struck him as a good proposition.

Unfortunately, Mr. Thrower did not take the advice of a friend that he should see a solicitor, and he accepted the offer without making enquiries.

Not what they seemed to be

Had such enquiries been made, Mr. Thrower would have learned that his prospective employer was often in financial difficulties.

He would have found out, too, that the affable young woman, who was apparently an employee, had been a director of the Premier Restaurant Catering Company, Limited, a concern in which Humphries was previously interested nominally as the husband of another director.

The Premier Restaurant Catering Company, Ltd., was registered in March, 1923, with a nominal capital of £200.

Business was carried on at 336, Goswell Road, E.C., until 1924, when the concern was wound up compulsorily on the petition of leading firms in Smithfield Market who were unable to get payment for goods supplied. The Official Receiver was appointed liquidator.

Humphries' latest enterprise, the "Empress Provision Company," contravened the requirements of the Business Names Act, for it has never been registered as a business name.

These facts and much other information about Humphries were unknown to Mr. Thrower, who paid over his £50.

A terrible finale

He was given an agreement, signed by both Humphries and the woman Brobyn, to the effect that "the guarantee and investment shall be secured by the goods and chattels of the Empress Provision Co."

Mr. Thrower started work. For a few days things seemed to be going satisfactorily, and still unsuspecting, he readily agreed to lend his employer a further sum of £15, only part of which was returned to him.

Then business seemed to be going wrong. Mr. Thrower began to receive his wages irregularly and in driblets, and various other excuses were offered when he demanded the return of his £50.

Mr. Thrower spent his last two guineas on applying for a summons, but owing to Humphries having left his former haunts, the summons was never served.

Now at the end of his resources, Mr. Thrower has been obliged to apply to the guardians for relief for his wife and child.

Again we warn our readers against employment-with-investment proposals, and Humphries must be made to answer for his heartless conduct.

A QUICK SALES QUIRK

CUNNING COMB TRICK

Rubbish in the Post

VARIOUS provincial newspapers have recently contained an advertisement calling for smart salesmen. "Experience not so necessary as a desire to succeed" is a phrase taken from one of these announcements, which promised "good salary," commission and expenses.

People who get in touch with the advertisers, the "Quick Sales Company," of Empire Offices, Albemarle Street, W., are favoured with an interesting circular letter.

They are told that the company is "prepared to employ" them at a salary of £2 per week, with 10 per cent. bonus when sales reach £5 and 40 per cent. over that amount.

They are told that they will have behind them the advice and experience of the company's "Sales Organisation, which is second to none in this country."

They are also told that if they make good they will be assured of a permanency.

A proud boast

"We never stand still" is the proud boast of the Quick Sales Company, and applicants are invited to forward 2s. for a complete set of samples to "commence work right away."

Although the applicants are told so many things there are one or two little matters which the Quick Sales Company does not think it necessary to divulge.

It does not explain, for instance, that its impressive address is merely an accommodation one. When a representative of JOHN BULL called there he found a basement office which appeared to house other concerns.

The guiding hand

There was a board outside bearing numerous names, but that of the Quick Sales Company was not amongst them. On making enquiries he was informed that letters were called for by a Mr. Hill.

Somerset House could offer nothing helpful, for up to a recent date the Quick Sales Company had not been registered under the Business Names Act.

Apart from this omission the company also fails to disclose the name of its proprietor on its notepaper—a point which should be of interest to the authorities.

In case readers should feel some anxiety about a company which is unregistered, which "never stands still" and which conducts its business from an accommodation address, we make a few additional points clear.

There would seem to be a very strong link between the business of the Quick Sales Company and that of E. A. Hill, "dealer in fancy goods," of Thorpedale Road, London, N.

E. A. Hill is also in the habit of advertising for canvassers without experience, to whom he offers good salary and commission. Like the Quick Sales Company, E. A. Hill requires a deposit for samples.

A Dorset reader who sent 1s. 9d. received an envelope containing three combs, and a circular letter of instructions. He was to drop the packet through a letter-box and call back later to collect the goods or effect a sale.

E. A. Hill was prepared to supply fifty packets, and pay the canvasser £3 per week, 1s. per day expenses, and 33⅓ per cent. commission on all sales over £8.

A "certwinner"

As a first step, however, our reader was requested to forward £2 as deposit on stock to be refunded on return of goods at end of engagement. On reflection he has decided not to risk it.

The samples were sent ostensibly so that the canvasser might see the class of goods he would have to deal with. A postscript to the letter sent with the samples states that they are "not returnable"!

So whether E. A. Hill secures a canvasser or not he always secures a forced sale of one packet of his trumpery wares.

The "Situations Vacant" column is full of pitfalls and the best course to take when in doubt is to write to JOHN BULL about it.

In no case should cash be forwarded to a firm which does not divulge the exact nature of its business at the outset.

Pearl Plunderers

A DEEP ATLANTIC TRICK

The Gilded Farthing

PEOPLE in the Western counties should be on their guard against glib-tongued gentlemen touring round posing as representatives of the "Atlantic Pearl Company," Oxford Street, London.

They usually take up their stand in a secluded spot and collect a crowd by shouting that everyone is offered the unique opportunity of having a handsome watch presented free.

They produce hundreds of strings of pearls which they state are equal to those sold in the West End of London for a guinea.

The company, they declare, is out to stop such profiteering and as an advertising campaign has authorised them to make a remarkable offer.

The wonderful offer

They are prepared to sell the pearls at 2s. a string, provided the purchaser shows them to "at least two friends" and tries to persuade them to purchase similar strings from the Atlantic Pearl Company direct.

The touring representatives then produce a golden coin. What other companies spend in newspaper advertisements, etc., the Atlantic Pearl Company prefers to distribute in "personal" advertising, they explain.

Everybody who buys a string of pearls and promises to do his best to advertise the company will be presented with the handsome watch and the "genuine" coin of the realm.

A reader at a South coast resort watched one of these men dispose of hundreds of strings of pearls, plus the free gifts, in less than two hours.

What the pearls are

All the time he was keeping up a running flow of patter, and offering £10 to anyone who could prove that the pearls were not equal to those sold in the West End for a guinea.

If anyone had the courage to take this man at his word the £10 would soon be forfeited, for the pearls are utter trash.

The handsome watch is made of tin and quite hollow, honest salesmen usually disposing of them to children at a penny a time.

The coin of the realm is a gilded farthing, held head uppermost, so that the deceit is not discovered until after the bundle of trash has been bought for real money.

We have been unable to locate the Atlantic Pearl Company in Oxford Street, nor is it registered at Somerset House, either as a limited company or under the Business Names Act.

The men operating this swindle are not ordinary hawkers, but form an organised gang, each working an allotted area. They should be stopped!

ARE modern people following the false idealism of a good time and plenty of it? "Woodbine Willie" thinks they are, and that they have hitched their waggon to a jam-pot

All After the Jam!

by **"WOODBINE WILLIE"** *(the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.)*

IT has been truly said that "it is not for the 'bread and marge' but for the 'jam' that men work hard and strive to-day." The stomach is soon satisfied.

With modern methods of production the necessities of a bare existence could be provided for all by the labour of a few men for a small number of hours per week.

But nobody wants, or would be satisfied with, a bare existence; no one is really content with "bread and marge"; everybody nowadays demands a certain amount of "jam." "How much jam?" is the real issue among men to-day.

It is in those countries in which the standard of life is highest that the economic issue looms largest in men's minds.

The comforting idea that once we can secure for every man, woman, and child enough to eat and drink, and the wherewithal for decent clothes, we shall automatically enter upon an era of industrial peace is pure moonshine.

It is round the jam-pot of the world that the fiercest struggles are being, and will for many years be, fought, unless we can find out a better way.

The trouble is that while there is a definite limit to the amount of "jam" the pot contains, or can be made to contain, there is no limit to the amount of "jam" that men desire, and can quite quickly grow accustomed to consuming.

Stimulating the appetite

The man who was content a few years back to live above his shop in the town, now lives above his income in the suburbs. His son who used to walk to work now rides to play with his sister, or someone else's sister, on the pillion of a motor-bike. If we have a pound to spare there is always two pounds' worth of "jam" temptingly displayed and asking to be purchased.

"Jam"-making, of one sort or other, is the most profitable end of industry in all civilised countries, and thereby hangs a tale. Money flows where it makes most profit, and for that reason we can find capital to build a cinema, but have to sing a song of subsidies to raise it for a cottage.

So far from securing any easy automatic peace, there is every prospect of the struggle growing fiercer as the appetite for "jam" is stimulated and more widely spread, and the problems that we have to solve are likely to become more and more bewildering and more complex as the situation develops.

The question of "justice" and "injustice" becomes more difficult. There is some sort of sense in saying that every man has a "natural right" to live, a natural right to "bread and marge," and that it is "unjust" to deny him that so long as he is willing to work for it.

The scientists foiled

But has any man a natural right to "jam," and if so, how much "jam" has he a right to? Every girl, for instance, in the colder climates at any rate, has a "right" to a skirt, but has any girl a right to silk stockings, and if so, how many pairs? Every man has a "right" to bread, but has he a right to beer, and if so, how much beer? One man will be satisfied with a bottle when another would grumble at a bucket, and declare his "right" to a barrel.

It is quite possible to make a scientific calculation as to how much bread a man needs, but no one can calculate how much jam a man wants, and whether he will prefer plum and apple or apricot.

As the economic struggle gets more and more into the "jam" stage, so to speak, the question of a "just and honourable" solution of our industrial disputes becomes more and more difficult.

"Equality of opportunity for all" is a fine-sounding slogan, but once we get to the jam stage it can only mean that every man has a right to as much jam as he can collar, provided he keeps within the law, and so we clear the ring for the great fight, and put a "bobby" in to act as referee.

What is a living wage?

Every one for himself and God for us all, as the elephant said when it danced among the chickens. In the end, the chickens will be driven to unite, and you come back to the class war—unions of chickens against associations of elephants.

I'm getting a bit mixed in the metaphors. Chickens don't clamour for jam, and elephants have no strong taste that way. But you see my meaning.

On what basis of justice are you going to distribute "jam," and what is to determine the point at which I can start to grouse, and complain that I am unjustly treated.

There is a lot of talk these days about "a living wage," but it is all mushy and gets nowhere, because it shirks this question of "jam."

If by a living wage you mean a "bare existence wage," I agree right off that everyone has a natural right to it, and, as a community, we should be ashamed of ourselves if we fail to provide it.

But you don't mean that. You don't mean only "bread and marge," you mean a helping of "jam." Well, how big a helping, and how many helpings?

"From every man, according to his powers, to every man according to his needs" is another fine-sounding war-cry, but once you get to the "jam" stage goodness knows what it means.

We might ration bread and marge on a scientific basis of calories and vitamins and all the rest of it, but that sort of line is of no use with "jam." The whole point of "jam" is that it is something we take, not because it is good for us, nor because it is given to us, but because we like it.

The struggle round the jam-pot

The truth of the matter is that there is no clear ready-made basis of justice on which to distribute "jam," and as a consequence the continual bargaining and haggling about it, which is the most prominent feature of our modern social life, must and will go on, whether we like it or not.

We have the best of all authority for saying that man cannot live by bread alone, but must have "jam" of some sort.

But the brand of "jam" which the Master Christian favoured is not popular to-day. His "jam" was the joy of duty done, the satisfaction of good and willing service to God and to one's fellow-men. That is a brand of "jam" which is not for sale. It is not to be bought, but is given away by friend to friend, by lover to lover, and by God to all men alike, if they will seek it.

It has no strictly economic value, and yet it is an economic necessity because it is the only "jam" of which there is an adequate supply.

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.

So long as men are dependent entirely upon the brands of "jam" which can be bought, and are limited in supply, the struggle round the jam-pot is always liable to become so bitter and so fierce that it defeats its own end, and we wake from the nightmare of industrial strife to discover that the jam-jar we fought about has disappeared and left us all with "bread and marge" and not too much of that.

Shifting the blame

While we strive markets disappear, capital equipment deteriorates, and the sweetness that we fought so bitterly to gain has literally ceased to exist. That is the moral of these last days.

It is senseless to plead that the deadlock which has for months crippled industry was a purely economic deadlock. If it was, at every point we have acted in precisely the opposite way to that in which economic facts directed us.

Economic facts demanded that we should not cease production for five minutes and we have ceased for five months. Economic facts demanded that we should not waste a penny piece, and we have wasted millions.

Economic facts demanded that we should preserve and improve our markets and our capital equipment. We have seriously injured both.

Each side, of course, will lay the blame upon the other, but that is very little use to anyone. We must look deeper for the cause of the disaster. I find it, partly at any rate, in the fact that we are all of us too utterly dependent for the joy of life upon the "jam" that is bought and sold, and have lost our appetite for that which is given away.

The "jam" that can be bought and sold is not sticky enough to hold us together, the craving for it divides instead of uniting us. Its sweetness is the sweetness of pleasure, not the sweetness of happiness.

It is the sweetness of happiness we need, and need all the more as the possibilities of pleasure increase.

An irreverent sneer

It is all very well for Mr. Evan Williams to sneer at the idea of beginning proceedings with a prayer, but it is at least conceivable that had the two parties to the dispute begun some of their previous negotiations in that spirit they would not have made such a ghastly exhibition of themselves as they have done.

For my part, I believe that the struggle round the jam-pot will produce deadlock after deadlock until we ask and get from God more of the other sort of "jam."

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. the Marquis of SALISBURY, K.P., Arlington Street, S.W.

MY LORD,—I note with satisfaction that you scout Dean Inge's doleful picture of impending ruin of the Empire. Pessimists, in my view, are the bane of existence. They take the heart out of life by suggesting that effort is fruitless and endeavour of no avail, since we are, inevitably, heading for a downfall. Better is your own view that the thing needed to establish affairs in this country is industrial co-operation. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Viscount CECIL of CHELWOOD, Grosvenor Square, W.

MY LORD,—You pointedly remind us that out of all the admirable conventions signed by delegates to the League of Nations, dealing with such subjects as the opium traffic, hours of labour, dangerous trades, and so forth, less than 40 per cent. have been ratified by the signatory Powers. Unfortunately, it cannot be claimed that our own Government has set a good example. It is to be hoped your speech will shame your colleagues into action. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

DEAR SIR,—The recommendation being made to you by the Greater Birmingham Employment Committee, that schools for training servants should be set up in their neighbourhood, strikes me as useful and feasible. If such schools were set up in other towns, and if the training given was comprehensive and scientific, it would go far to removing the entirely fictitious stigma now attaching to domestic service. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. J. REES, M.A., S. Wales and Monmouth Vigilance Assoc., Cardiff.

REV. SIR,—The association of which you are chairman is about to launch a vigorous crusade for the protection of young Welsh girls who come up to London, many of whom find themselves in surroundings which are likely to ruin them body and soul. You could not possibly embark on a task more beneficial to humanity, and I confidently look to you to have no mercy on the sinister scoundrels who trick these innocents into a life of vice. Count on my help! JOHN BULL.

To SIR HENRY BARTON, President Leasehold Reform Association.

DEAR SIR,—I am delighted to greet at last the formation of an association to deal with the crying scandal of the leasehold system. It is well to begin with reform, but in the end I shall hope to see an overwhelming demand for the abolition of the entire machinery of leasehold. The abuses under this iniquitous method of enriching the ground landlord at the expense of the tenant have gone too long without an effective challenger, and no leaseholder who values his rights will hesitate to join forces with you. And you can count on my whole-hearted co-operation and support. JOHN BULL.

To Professor W. R. LETHABY, Surveyor of Westminster Abbey.

DEAR SIR,—Your profound knowledge of labour in all forms makes your opinion of its joylessness in the present day very disquieting. You feel that "for two centuries we have been carefully dissociating joy from labour until we have left it bleak, stark and grim." This is a serious indictment. We cannot, even to return to hand craft, scrap all machines; but it ought to be possible to so organise society that the men who control the machines have other opportunities to express their individuality both in work and play. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. GARDNER, Technical Institute, Gillingham.

DEAR SIR,—When you saw leaping flames in the restaurant opposite the building of which you are caretaker, you immediately dressed and sent for the fire brigade. Then, climbing a water-pipe, you pressed through thick smoke to the rescue of the inmates. A young boy was lowered to the ground by a rope of sheets, and two distracted women were led to safety on the perilous bridge of a ladder laid across from house to house. The hearty congratulations of the firemen were well deserved. Your prompt and resourceful action saved three lives. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. SIMON WILLIAM POWELL, West-End Brick Works, Northolt.

DEAR SIR,—Labouring at your work you saw your mate, Leonard Sidney May, come into contact with a compressed air-pipe attached to an electrically driven engine. You were safe, but you turned back to help, and got a severe electric shock and burns in trying to effect a rescue. May's life was lost, but that takes nothing from your courage. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN BROCK, Peasedown, Somerset.

DEAR SIR,—A colliery-winding engineman by trade, your residence is known locally as "The House that Jack Built," since it was all the work of your own hands. In addition, you make a hobby of building church organs, and you are an adept at the making of violins. I trust you will live long to add to the harmony of dear old Somerset. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. WILLIAM NOON, Bulkington, Warwickshire.

DEAR SIR,—It isn't every man of eighty-three who is hale and hearty enough to take an official position under his district council, but you have managed the feat. Your job is rat-catching—a most necessary piece of work, particularly in agricultural areas. As yours is a reappointment, I fancy you have wily ways with the rodents that younger men cannot beat. Anyhow, whatever is to be done, let it be done well. JOHN BULL.

To JOHN FORD, Brighton.

DEAR JOHN,—When a little chap of ten can save the life of a chum and keep his mouth shut about it, he proves himself that admirable thing, a modest hero. You can't swim, but when your playmate, William Hazelgrove, fell into deep water you jumped in after him, and managed to keep afloat and get him to shore. Then you carried him three and a half miles to his home. But William was ill, and in his delirium the truth came out. How proudly you will wear the watch and chain his parents gave you! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. MOSTYN THOMAS, Ebbw Vale, Wales.

DEAR SIR,—Your name has long been familiar to me as that of an exceptionally gifted baritone, but ever after this I shall remember you first as a courageous and powerful athlete. When a horse attached to a greengrocer's cart was careering madly down the street, you leaped and seized the shaft, mounted, gathered the reins, and, exerting all your considerable strength, succeeded in bringing the runaway to a standstill. Though with your voice you may yet move thousands, you will never thrill them as you did the screaming women and children who looked on. JOHN BULL.

THOSE "GOING UP" BLUES

Straight from the Shoulder

LORD OXFORD.—"Dictatorship in . . . democracies is the unmistakable sign of bankruptcy of the Parliamentary system."

The duty of every parliamentarian is to prevent bankruptcy of the system.

* * *

MR. A. J. COOK.—"Trade unionists must be either blacklegs or fighters!"

A foolish alternative. Trade unionists can be constructive and progressive without being blacklegs or fighters.

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Mr. J. A. R. CAIRNS.—"The natural instinct is to avoid work."

Nonsense. Unless man had possessed a natural instinct to work we should still be savages dressed in woad.

* * *

Mr. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.—"The Canadians are a wonderful people."

Any Britishers who could really have access to the land as Canadians have would be wonderful.

Without Fear or Favour—

—by The Editor

NURSING-HOME REVELATIONS

Roads to Prosperity

EACH miner in America produces about four tons of coal daily, against the English collier's average of a ton. It might be thought that in longer hours lies the secret of greater production, but this is only partly true.

American miners usually work for eight hours per day, and their earnings hover around £7 a week.

How then can we account for the vast difference between the output of the two countries; for the prosperity of the industry in the States and its comparative failure in England?

The answer is hidden in the fact that all American mines are fitted with the very latest scientific appliances. Any machine which retards ready production is ruthlessly scrapped.

Thus, coal is hewed by pneumatic drills, and got away quickly by the most up-to-date methods. Over here, on the other hand, the majority of our fields are still being worked by plants which were obsolete years ago.

Even so late in the day English workmen fear that labour-saving devices bring unemployment in their train. This, of course, is an economic fallacy; time and again it has been proved that the exact opposite is the case.

The truth is that we are lacking in vision. We do not possess sufficient imagination to paint for ourselves a world under new conditions, hence we hesitate to venture lest worse should befall us.

Anything and everything—machinery, co-operation, good will, organisation—which increases production can only have a beneficial effect upon industry as a whole. The success of one branch is bound to lift another. The world has need of all the world can give, work we never so hard.

Once we grasp this great truth, and put it to the test, national prosperity must be ours.

A First-aid Scheme

CERTAIN districts in Yorkshire are installing on the highways "Hanmer" ambulance boxes at various danger-points.

The local councils defray the cost, and the co-operation of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and of course of the local police, have been secured.

These first-aid boxes were originally designed for use in coal-mines, and each one contains a cabinet holding splints, dressings, iodine, bandages, and other things useful in an emergency.

The cabinet is electrically lighted, and the illuminant is visible for quite a considerable distance, shining through a glass front in the box.

An alarm apparatus is also affixed, operated by a plunger which releases the key. This not only serves to attract to the accident the attention of any who chance to be near by, but it also acts as a guard against pilfering from the box.

The value of such a scheme is so obvious that our only surprise is that it was not adopted years ago; and we confidently look to municipalities to follow so logical and excellent a lead.

Frauds on the Public

"THE committee finds that abuses exist and are sufficiently prevalent to render some form of supervision and inspection essential. They therefore recommend that legislation to give effect to this should be introduced at an early date"

THE recently issued Report of the Select Committee on Nursing Homes confirms up to the hilt everything JOHN BULL has from time to time had occasion to say on the subject.

Like the Coal Report, it is a document that should be in the hands of every man and woman in the country, and we are profoundly sorry that the Government did not pursue the same practice and issue it at a price within the reach of everyone.

So grave are the abuses, so undesirable are the practices and conditions obtaining in many nursing homes, that the committee is emphatically of the opinion that strict registration and supervision of all nursing homes should be established without delay.

It is disquieting, for instance, to read that "many homes which cater for surgical cases are without any form of operating theatre, consequently operations have to be carried on in the patient's bedroom, with all the attendant difficulties."

It is no less disquieting to read that "in a certain class of smaller and cheaper home there is insufficient and insanitary accommodation both for patients and for nurses. The rooms used as wards are small and badly ventilated, overcrowded and frequently in a very dirty condition."

The committee complains that matrons are often completely unqualified and that there are frequently no qualified nurses, and that nursing is carried on by housemaids.

"Several cases," it says, "have been reported where it is alleged that the matron or person in charge is frequently drunk. In other cases there is no staff at all beyond the keeper of the home and, perhaps, her husband or a relative."

THE absurdity of half-measures when applied to serious abuses is demonstrated by the result of registering only one class of home—namely, maternity homes—while leaving other homes unregistered and uninspected.

Maternity homes that have applied for registration and been refused have promptly diverted their attention to the reception of medical and surgical cases only, and have immediately become immune from inspection and supervision.

Other maternity homes that have been refused registration have carried on with impunity by the simple expedient of withdrawing to just outside the limits of the registration area.

The care of the sick is of such vital importance that there can be no room for any possibility of neglect or ill-treatment, and that there is an abundance of both is evidenced only too clearly in the report of this committee.

Since nursing homes are in the main conducted for profit, it is a matter of simple justice that the public which pays for expert nursing and adequate attention should receive that for which it pays.

Short of a rigid and all-embracing scheme of registration and inspection it is not possible to ensure that this is done.

THE Select Committee that heard the evidence was unanimous in its view that legislation to give effect to its proposals should be introduced at the earliest possible date, and it insists that the legislation should be all-embracing and fool-proof.

The matter is to our own knowledge so urgent, and the abuses so widespread, that we look to the Government to give legislative effect to these recommendations at the earliest possible moment.

There is one further point in the committee's report on which we feel called to comment. The committee is "of opinion that there is a definite shortage of qualified nurses, and that the attention of the Ministry of Health should be drawn to this."

We, at any rate, are not in much doubt as to why this shortage of qualified nurses exists. We have from time to time drawn attention to the fact that nursing is a sweated profession, and the way to remedy this shortage is to raise the status of the profession.

It is to this aspect of the problem that JOHN BULL wishes to direct the attention of the Ministry of Health.

Sir Cyril Cobb, Chairman of the Select Committee on Nursing Homes, which has just issued its report and recommendations. The committee states that it has been deeply impressed by the urgent need for comprehensive registration and supervision

Cannon Fodder

MR. HAROLD STEVENS, the Weymouth magistrate, who recently posed as a tramp the better to examine the social conditions of the poor, has since put forward the suggestion that the proper course for a man who is down and out is to join the Army, Navy or the Royal Air Force.

Almost in the next breath, he supplies us with a stinging commentary on his own suggestion. Most of the derelicts he met in London, he tells us, were ex-Service men. So, evidently, patriotic service to one's country is not altogether an efficient panacea against poverty and hunger.

Upon other grounds, Mr. Stevens' proposal is open to sharp criticism. It is not good enough to tell unemployed men in the prime of life that they can have food and shelter by signing on for another spell of service with the fighting forces.

Moreover, no man should be required to join the Army or Navy in time of peace except as a matter of deliberate professional choice. To dragoon men into the ranks by sheer pressure of starvation is a veiled form of conscription, infinitely more mischievous than avowed compulsory service.

The conception of the Services as a refuse-dump for the wrecks and outcasts of our social system is a vicious survival from the Victorian era; while the suggestion that unemployed ex-Service men have no greater claim upon the nation than can be cancelled by a second enlistment is an affront to the conscience of the British people.

The admission of Germany to the League of Nations is being hailed by sanguine minds as evidence that Europe has discarded her trust in armaments. It is a poor commentary on this great event to hold out the Army and Navy as the sole means of succour for men who fought in the last war.

The Pow-Wow Punch!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

NO quarrel was ever settled satisfactorily by the method of black eyes and bloody noses. And since all disputes must end in talk round a table why not begin at this point?

Mr. C. P. Scott, Editor of the "Manchester Guardian," a paper that has always pursued an enlightened policy towards Labour

ONE of the fallacies at present holding back the development of the Labour movement and preventing it taking its rightful place in the sane management of industry is the notion that trade unions as at present constituted are sacred and inviolable.

Most people outside the trade unions, and not a few inside, see that, while the structure of trade unionism may have been not only useful but essential in its early days, modern conditions and the advance in industrial organisation are rendering much of that structure archaic.

Artificial divisions are created between workers and even between grades of workers in the same industry. Co-operation between employer and employed is rendered almost impossible, and any sense of responsibility the individual worker might have towards his employer is almost entirely destroyed by the sectional interests which appear to him to be paramount.

A disastrous delusion

And the net result of all this is that the more efficient this sectional and watertight organisation the more real does the delusion appear to the organised that force is the inevitable method of settling a dispute, and that the only real test of right or wrong in a dispute is not reason but strength.

It is rather surprising that the belief in force as a method of settling disputes should persist so obstinately. International warfare has been completely stripped of any glamour it might have in this respect, for we are still having it demonstrated to us daily and in the most painful manner that warfare is as bad for the victor as it is for the vanquished.

Can anyone deny that the parallel with industrial warfare is deadly? Victor and vanquished alike suffer, whichever side wins. New problems are immediately created, and there is an all-round legacy of sullen resentment and a determination on the part of the vanquished to renew the struggle at the first opportunity.

A tremendous move

An experiment has just been initiated by the *Manchester Guardian* which has received all too little notice, but which may very possibly prove the beginning of a serious attempt on the part of both employers and trade unions to find a better way of settling their disputes than the senseless method of blacking each other's eyes and attempting to reach agreement by the somewhat curious method of wrecking their common interests.

Of their own free will the employees of the *Manchester Guardian* have entered into an agreement with the company whereby the strike is definitely ruled out as a method of settling disputes.

In all matters affecting the conditions of work and the security of the individual worker the company and the workers are on a level, and the ultimate appeal in the case of disagreement is neither to the endurance of the workers nor to the power of the purse, but to impartial and unbiased judgment.

For while the management has the decision in the first instance of all complaints affecting wages and hours, the committee of this new society may, if it so desires, go to arbitration, two persons being appointed, one by the society and one by the management, with power to select an independent umpire should they fail to agree.

No more strikes!

Both parties, the company and the society of workers, have bound themselves, if they cannot agree, to go to the most impartial men they can find and abide by their judgment; and just as there will never again be a strike, so there will never again be a lockout.

Sane discussion and rational arbitration are surely better than brute force and starvation, or else there is no rhyme or reason in the history of civilisation, no meaning in the word justice, and no hope of industry ever advancing.

It is interesting and highly significant to notice that the *Daily Herald* foamed at the mouth at the bare mention of any such industrial experiment being tried. It can see nothing in it except a cynical attempt to undermine the very basis of the trade union movement; to put this body of workers at the mercy of the wicked "capitalist," cutting them off from their own trade unions and leaving them helpless and defenceless.

Since there is going to be no attack, why should there be any elaborate defences? Since there is no compulsion on any one of them to join this new society, still less to leave the trade union in which they may happen to be, why should there be any threat to trade unionism?

Since the whole thing is a voluntary arrangement entered into only because a decisive majority of the workers involved agreed, and agreed willingly, to try the experiment, where is the need for all the excitement that such a movement has caused to this guardian of trade union tradition?

It is a strange thing that those who most vehemently protest against the insanity of settling industrial disputes by the resort to brute force should protest equally vehemently against any attempt to replace the same insane methods of settling industrial disputes by something entirely rational and wholly desirable.

It makes me wonder, as I have wondered for years, whether the chief interest of those who rule the destinies of the trade unions is not rather to keep their jobs than to throw themselves wholeheartedly into anything and everything that would promise relief from the everlasting bickering and squabbling that makes a national attempt at industrial revival impossible.

Those who control the colossal power of the trade union movement do not yet seem to have realised that with increase of power comes increase of responsibility, responsibility not only towards the workers but towards the nation.

Just as warfare upsets the delicate balance that has become established between country and country, so does even a small industrial war upset the equally delicate balance that has grown up between industry and industry.

The phantom enemy

We cannot, as we are learning by bitter experience, dislocate coal without throwing into confusion a score of industries dependent on coal, and each of those in turn dislocates still more.

It is not so much that the trade unions need to develop a new organisation as that they need to develop a new mentality and a new outlook. They are fifty years behind the times because they will persist in regarding the employer as an hereditary enemy, whereas in the vast majority of cases he is only too anxious to be regarded as a partner with equal rights and equal liabilities.

There can be little hope of advance until trade unionism regards every forward suggestion as something to be examined on its merits instead of an artful "capitalist dodge" to be rejected instinctively.

The Night a

Why not punish those who treat fellow-beings worse than cattle? Hop-pickers need the law's protection

THERE is at least one section of the London poor which contrives at the end of each summer to get a decent spell in the fresh air and sunshine. I mean the hoppers who migrate, with their families and their household bundles, to the Kentish hopfields.

Mr. Frank Briant, M.P.

Where the farmer is humane and provides reasonable accommodation for the imported labour, the hopper returns for the winter with renewed health and vigour.

In too many cases, however, so disgraceful are the conditions that whatever benefits are derived from the spell in the open air are cancelled by the inexcusably filthy surroundings in which they spend their nights.

One does not expect the farmers to provide for their temporary population such model dwellings as would meet the requirements of an L.C.C. housing scheme, but one has a right to look for a general standard of accommodation that will allow at least for cleanliness and decency, particularly as the majority of hoppers are women and children.

Some of the things I saw last time I visited the hop-fields were frankly beastly. The hoppers were herded in tiny huts, in such low-lying positions that when the weather was wet they were practically flooded out.

With sanitation on the most primitive model, one can imagine the menace to health which the hovels constitute. Food has to be left on the floor, or if that is too sodden, on the makeshifts called beds. There are not even tables and chairs, far less cupboards.

TO quote from the medical officers' reports for last season, "inspection in many cases disclosed fly-frequented garbage, and often a sluggish stream of liquid filth at the rear of the hutments."

At some of the farms, the water-supplies are apparently derived either from a river receiving

The Tragic Triplet

by A. G. GARDINER

WE have the best method of government; trade unions are presumed to have enlightened leaders; employers generally are considerate—yet for five months the whole lot have been at each other's throats, out for murder!

IT is no uncommon thing to hear of a rascal who burns down his business premises in order to get the insurance money. But for five months this country has been presenting the spectacle of a lunatic burning down his business premises when there is no insurance money to be got.

Those whom the gods wish to destroy, says the ancient tag, they first drive mad, and on this assumption our destruction has been decreed by the gods, for never in our history have we lived through such a period of stark insanity.

The mad summer is passing into the mad autumn. The dark days and the cold nights are upon us and even if the insanity passes we cannot now escape a desperate and punishing winter. It will take weeks before the miner can be producing at full pressure again, and months before the enormous deficiency can be supplied.

There are now nearly three millions of unemployed in the land, including the miners, and the host is increasing daily by thousands.

A paralysing blow

The prosperity of this country—the greatest business concern in Europe—has been struck a blow that no other country could have survived, and that has shaken us to our foundations. All the great industries by which we live are paralysed. Public debts have been piled up mountain high to keep the people from starving.

Every local authority is staggering under the weight of its rates. Trade, from which those rates alone can come, is shattered. The trade unions are bankrupt. Private savings have gone.

To take one illustration alone. The extra cost of fuel to the railways amounts, I am told, to millions every month, and every penny of that will have to be borne by Capital and Labour alike, for years to come.

The only beneficiaries from our madness are the foreigners who have been left free to capture our trade, much of which will never come back.

This is not only the greatest calamity in our industrial history. It is the greatest crime in our industrial history. Why has it been perpetrated? Who is to blame? What is the way out? How are we to prevent its recurrence?

For let us be clear that, though we may weather one such a storm, we cannot weather a succession of such storms. And if the ship goes down we all go down with it. As in the case of most wars, it is impossible to put all the blame on one party to the quarrel.

A legacy of the past

There are at least three criminal elements in this case. Much of the bad blood and discontent in the industry is a legacy from the misdemeanours of the mineowners in the past.

When the world was much more dependent on the riches of our coal measures than it is to-day, and when vast fortunes were being made out of mining, the miners did not get a square deal, and they came to realise that selling agencies and other methods were employed to prevent them getting a square deal.

A spirit of distrust was engendered, and when, with the development of water power and oil power, the industry began to decline, this latent discontent was directed against the whole system of ownership.

It is necessary to remember this if we are to get at the root of the trouble. For it is a spiritual ailment that afflicts the industry even more than an economic ailment. No adjustment of hours and wages will cure the mischief if the spirit remains bitter and hostile.

And, on the other side, it is equally true that the men have been deplorably led.

Taken as a whole, the miners are as reasonable as any other class of citizen; but their movement has, largely owing to indifference, fallen into the hands of a few whose aim is to make the present system of ownership unworkable and to use the weapon of the strike for political ends.

That is mischievous and disastrous. I do not care, and I suppose most people do not care, how the mining industry is owned so long as it is worked to the best advantage of the community.

But if we are to have great political changes in this country they must be carried out by Parliamentary action, and not by the process of

Mr. Evan Williams, Chairman of the Mining Association of Great Britain

starving the nation into surrender. I do not say that that was the object of the miners as a whole; I do say it has been the ulterior motive of the men who have made the miners' policy.

Mr. Cook has never concealed the fact that he regards himself as a political missionary, with his genuflections performed at the shrine of Moscow, much more than a mere trade union secretary concerned about getting the best terms possible for his men.

A terrific combat

Thus, on the one side, we have the men mobilised against the present administration of the mines; on the other we have the mineowners practically committed to destroy the Miners' Federation.

Behind the shifting phases of the struggle—now on the question of wages, now on the question of hours, now on the question of national or district agreements—there has throughout been this tug-of-war between the rival systems, the miners aiming at crushing the owners, the owners aiming at crushing the men.

And the third actor in the conflict has been a helpless spectator, now intervening, now withdrawing, at one phase saying, "Settle it yourselves," at another, "We will settle it for you"; but never using the authority of the Government to command peace.

There have been two great failures of the Government. It ought never to have conceded the subsidy. Having conceded it in order to get a scheme formulated, it ought at once to have imposed that scheme in full.

That, even now, is the only policy to pursue. The men have failed to smash the owners. They failed when the general strike failed and when the foreign miners threw them over. The masters must not be allowed to smash the men. They must not be allowed, because a "knock-out blow" on one side or the other will settle nothing.

Reason must prevail

We want a change of spirit on both sides, not a sullen acceptance of defeat waiting for the opportunity of revenge. There is nothing in the dispute that cannot yield to reason—and must ultimately yield to reason.

The question of national or district settlements is an unreal issue. There can be district modifications within the national arrangement, without imperilling the Federation.

But the Government must end this monstrous quarrel with a firm hand. It must give us the Samuel scheme. It must, if necessary, work the mines in the interests of the nation until that scheme is in operation. The alternative is a winter that none of us dare contemplate.

are Bedroom

by FRANK BRIANT, M.P.

sewage or from water-holes at some distance from the camps. Last year a case was reported where the sole water-supply was from a ditch. This was used, not only for washing, but for drinking and for bathing the babies!

Here and there are heaps of filthy rubbish, which breed disease-spreading flies. I have seen one field surrounded by filth. The farmer had made hardly any effort to provide sanitary accommodation.

BAD as these "outside" conditions may be, the sleeping quarters provide the gravest problem. "Overcrowding" is an inadequate term with which to describe the herding of some of the more unfortunate hoppers in hutments, barns or even pig-sties.

I have had brought to my notice a small hut measuring 12 ft. by 10 ft., which housed four families of nineteen—men, women and children.

This is no isolated instance. I have before me a letter, this time from Worcester, in which an ex-Service man complains that the only accommodation on one particular farm consists of a cowshed, with the stalls as the only partitions. In each stall are twelve sleepers, men and women, married and single.

The effects on health would be bad enough, particularly in wet weather when the atmosphere is made more foul with the odours from the rain-soaked clothes. But what of the moral influences?

To illustrate the mentality of some of the "bad" farmers responsible for this state of affairs, bedding has been allowed to remain from one season to the next. The filthy straw has even been subsequently used for packing apples.

It is only fair to make clear that an increasing number of hop-farmers are doing their utmost to provide clean and sanitary accommodation for their pickers. But the black sheep remain and must be dealt with.

I DON'T ask for the impossible. All I desire to press for, as I have been doing for years in Parliament and the Press, is a minimum standard of conditions essential for decency and health.

If the farmers concerned will not move themselves in deference to public opinion, the public must act. A few prosecutions would have a salutary effect.

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A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come, root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and every chemist has it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

SHIPS OF SHAME

FLOATING DOSS-HOUSES

Disease on the High Seas

BRITAIN did once lead the world in her care for the health and the safety of her seamen. She holds the lead no longer. The Mistress of the Seas has not retained sufficient interest in the well-being of her servants, the sailormen, to keep up with the times.

Other European nations have passed her, with the result that if a British ship is sold to, say, Sweden, the odds are that the vessel will not be allowed to fly the flag of her new owners until such alterations are made as will make more tolerable the conditions under which the crew will live!

Our Board of Trade "advises" the provision of quarters for the crew aft (where more spacious accommodation can be arranged) instead of forward. As it is merely advice and not an order, not a great deal of notice is taken of it.

If one goes into the forecastle of a cargo-boat one far too often finds that it is ill-smelling, that it is badly lit and badly ventilated, that part of the light that should come through the port-holes is kept out by the bunks that are fixed along the sides, that dimness is helped towards darkness by the dark paint used, and that the places are often damp, through condensation on the bare iron surfaces.

A striking contrast

Here is a contrast, which is described in the annual report by Dr. J. Howard Jones, Port Medical Officer for Newport.

The s.s *R.T.* was built in 1914 and was owned by a British firm. It passed the Board of Trade survey periodically until it was sold, last year, to a Swedish firm. In this boat, unlike others referred to, the crew were housed aft, but their cots were fixed along the sides, and so kept out the light.

The new owners had all the cots fixed amidships and athwartships, and sheathed the bare iron surface with wood to prevent sweating and dampness. Additional side-ports, a deck prism, and a deck ventilator were fixed, together with four wardrobe lockers and seating.

A space in the steerage was cleared and converted into two comfortable mess-rooms for sailors and firemen. So long as it was a British ship there were no mess-rooms.

Many other improvements were effected, including the painting of the quarters white, the fitting up of radiators for heating purposes, the provision of a wash-house, etc.

A humiliating distinction

The transformation of the good ship *R.T.* is an illuminating illustration of the standard of hygiene in crews' quarters insisted on by some European countries.

The British share with the Portuguese the humiliating distinction of being the only two out of the twelve European nations whose ships—as shown in the tabular return, docked at Newport during 1925—showed an increase over 1924 in the number of ships reported for sanitary defects.

The experience of every port is that, as a rule, Norwegian, Swedish and Dutch cargo-vessels are cleaner than the British.

Men housed, against the "advice" of the Board of Trade, in forecastles, must, as a rule, also eat their food in forecastles.

Goods before men

The following case, taken from an official report, may illustrate how much more important goods are than the health of men.

When a new British ship was examined last year it was found that the crew's quarters were in the forecastle, that they were cramped,

The Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, M.P., President of the Board of Trade

uncomfortable, ill-lit, and that two bunks, just inside the entrance, were exposed to weather conditions.

Out of the space which ought to have been available for the crew, a part had been taken for the erection of a cabin and wash-house for petty officers.

Disgusting conditions

Actually, these places were used as store-rooms for the ship's stores!

Men eat in forecastles, and mingled with the smell of the food there may be the not very subtle odours emanating from the trough-closets still commonly used aboard ship.

It is a common thing for forecastles to be found dirty and verminous. Thousands of seamen's beds have to be destroyed every year by the port sanitary officials. (In Newport alone 1,554 were destroyed last year.)

This sad state of affairs is partly due to the Board of Trade's default in the matter of regulations, and partly in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, to lack of supervision on the part of officers, and lack of interest on the part of the men and of the owners.

A regulation which is urgently needed is one that will compel owners to instal an efficient disinfector on every vessel. Very often, when a man joins a ship he is in a verminous condition. He may have had to stay at such a lodging-house that it was impossible to keep clean.

But one man, living under the conditions under which men have to live in a forecastle, can infect a whole crew. The authorities know it; the port medical officers take care that they do. But they don't act on the knowledge.

"Sack" disinfectors do not cost much. The running costs are low; they disinfect quickly and effectively. All medical officers ask for is the installation of one on every ship.

A more unsavoury subject, but one that cannot be avoided when dealing with the question of hygiene aboard ship, is that of venereal disease.

The last published report of the Medical Office of Health for Liverpool shows that during the year under review 2,697 new cases attended the city V.D. clinics.

Terrible risk

The number of old cases in attendance is not given, but old and new cases together put in a total of 47,540 attendances in the year—and 32 per cent. of the male patients were sea-faring people.

There is also a Seamen's Dispensary at which, during the ten months covered by the report, 423 seamen were treated for V.D.

Not all, perhaps not many, seamen can afford to remain ashore for the two or three months necessary for treatment.

They not infrequently go aboard in an infectious condition, taking with them the Ministry of Health official form V15A; a small book in which particulars of the case and the treatment given is set down, so that the man can get a continuation of the treatment whenever he comes across facilities.

While it must be admitted that the British Government has done more than any other to fight this disease, yet when one considers the close contact inevitable where men are living together in a crowded forecastle, one realises that not enough is done for safety.

Compulsion if needed

In view of all the facts set out as to our position in regard to hygiene, we ought to insist upon the Board of Trade framing such regulations as will enable us to, at least, catch up with the more advanced countries, even if we cannot get back the lead we once held.

A certain standard of hygiene and of living quarters ought to be set up for all our ships. If that standard cannot be reached without compulsion, let us have compulsion.

OVER a million pounds lost on one transaction; £100,000 on others—it is not wonderful that our annual expenditure totals £825,000,000! How long will the people submit quietly to such incompetent Government methods?

ROGUES IN HIGH PLACES

by the Rt. Hon. WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.P. *(formerly Financial Secretary to the Treasury)*

BRITISH annual expenditure is now £825,000,000. That is more than four times our pre-war burden. In audit just tribute has been paid to the honesty and efficiency which characterise the administration of that vast sum; no one can dispute the integrity of our Civil Service.

But there are often, in so great a field, large errors; sometimes there are lapses among Civil Service *personnel*, and frequently these public servants are diddled by able rogues and adventurers.

Take one downright and costly blunder. The British Government held $3,000,000 of first mortgage gold bonds in the British-American Nickel Corporation.

In a reconstruction they were converted into A income bonds at the same rate of interest. But they ranked after $6,000,000 of first income bonds created under the scheme.

Some crafty tricks

The idea was that the reconstruction would add to the value of the Government holding by enabling the corporation to raise further capital, to avoid liquidation and forced sale of assets. But the corporation was put into liquidation by an unsecured creditor.

Now it is reported that the holding of the British Government (of course, of the British people) will prove nearly, if not entirely, a total loss.

In the widely different sphere of old-age pensions there are some crafty tricks. Baptismal certificates are frequently presented in proof of age. A clerk to the kirk-session in the Western Highlands of Scotland issued a large number of false certificates. Result: overpayment of pension to 201 aged persons, which cost the State £6,289.

And there were further overpayments to old-age pension applicants who had died. The session-clerk did eighteen months, and the Treasury decided to enquire into the general system of taking baptismal certificates as evidence.

A consignment of British textiles to Austria was guaranteed; but for various reasons delivery was not taken by the importers.

A worthless guarantee

The guarantee of an Austrian bank was found to be worthless; the bank and the importers were insolvent; and Parliamentary authorities insisted that the British department was seriously at fault in not getting information regarding the validity of the Austrian guarantee, and the status of exporters and importers.

This adventure cost the British taxpayers upwards of £9,000. The sum is small, but these thousands all mount up. This lot would have kept two Cabinet Ministers for nearly a year.

Very odd things occur. Certain documents supporting expenditure of £229 by the Minister to the Holy See and by the Consul at Port Said disappeared.

A costly error

A Danish lady had to be paid £300 by the British taxpayers as compensation for the loss of a bronze statue. On the assumption that it was enemy property it had been sold.

The British people had also to find £5,139 for an official's error in dealing with certain trading-with-the-enemy accounts; it arose from the confusion of two identically named claimants for release.

Sometimes quite important people

The Rt. Hon. William Graham, M.P., Member of the Public Accounts Committee which annually reviews British expenditure

diddle the Government. A member of the British Food Commission in 1919 received over £7 on Government account; later he could not be traced, and the trifle was written off.

A ghastly record

A former Vice-Consul at La Paz failed to account for £198 belonging to the Consulate-General. But in that case the loss was made good by the non-issue of accrued salary to the officer concerned.

A theft of £2,000 from a regimental battalion in the Middle East; £1,800 deficiency in another regimental account due to the fraud of two Indian clerks—both had to be borne by the taxpayers.

Responsible for more than £60,000,000 of expenditure, a fair amount of imposition is practised on the Ministry of Pensions.

In 1924–25 there was £4,000 of irregularly and insufficiently vouched expenditure in local war pensions committees; the State had to find £399 for misappropriations by two former officials of a now-defunct committee at Canterbury; a former officer in the Tottenham area took £240 of the people's treasure, and afterwards six months' imprisonment.

Failure to verify certain facts regarding a pensioner admitted to a mental hospital gave him £732 to which he was not entitled; another man failed to disclose that he was in receipt of pre-war pension for disability, and he bagged £404; while women who adopted the familiar trick of posing as the widows of deceased soldiers or officers got £804, £535, £342 and £301 respectively.

A former officer mis-stated his pre-war earnings; by this trick he obtained £805 of alternative retired pay.

Taking a number of recent years together, the Ministry of Pensions has probably lost by misunderstanding and fraud at least £100,000.

The cost of incompetency

Some time ago the Government was involved in a large sale of metal. But on a falling market the contractors defaulted; for the taxpayers there was in this transaction a tidy loss of £1,069,332.

An accountant officer under the Air Ministry absconded with £1,428. This event is worthy of serious criticism; for a former commanding officer had reported very unfavourably on this gentleman.

When the depot at Bombay was evacuated by the Admiralty in 1924, there was in stores a deficiency and depreciation of £39,000.

This evacuation had been planned before the war, but had been delayed; the storekeeping arrangements were known to be unsatisfactory; there was an incompetent and inexperienced staff, and eventually the British people had to foot the bill.

An advance of £6,000 was made by the Government to a certain contractor during the war; he did not repay. Torpedoes and gyroscopes valued at more than £35,000 disappeared from sixteen ships.

The taxpayers had also to find £5,900 for the mysterious disappearance of torpedoes and gyroscopes from two other vessels.

Inexperienced staff is sometimes the excuse; but it is a stiff proposition when it means the loss of £3,663 in one stores account in Egypt.

Certain stores in an infantry unit were stolen by an N.C.O. clerk, a trifle which cost Great Britain £1,144. A messing sergeant somewhere else forged invoices and cheques, cost us £372, but had to review matters for some time in prison.

Millions down the drain

The tales of Ireland are often sorrowful. Partly due to the suppression of certain vouchers at stores £2,435 was lost; from a safe in a locked cell in a guardroom £396 in cash was stolen.

And so, as the comedians have it, we go on and on.

Each year millions go down the drain in this way; on the other hand, the aggregate is but a small percentage of our £825,000,000 outlay.

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34 COVENTRY

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

THE love of parents for their children is past understanding. Even when they prove the most callous-hearted, the spark of love remains unquenched. And what sunshine they can bring into the eventide of life!

WHERE IS WINNIE WATSON?

THERE comes into my mind as I write to-day the picture of a quiet-faced man whom I met some weeks ago on the Yorkshire moors.

I was out motoring and I had stopped to ask him the way. As he was directing me I saw that he was bent of back and that in his eyes there was a tired, weary expression. When I offered him a lift he accepted gratefully.

"I'm a bit footsore," he said. "I've already walked twenty miles to-day and have still another seven to go."

He lived in a small agricultural town at the foot of the Yorkshire wolds, and he had been by trade a gardener. He worked hard and when he married he had five acres under cultivation.

A garden and a wife—why, it sounded like Eden, and so it was until the serpent appeared.

A terrible fate

A child was born to them, a little girl, but at what a price, for after a while his wife's conduct appeared rather strange.

At last a medical man came along and in two days that woman had been moved into an asylum.

The man kept on his home, but the years had passed and one day the medical superintendent had told him that she would never come out again.

As I listened to his story I thought at once of Lord Buckmaster's Bill for granting divorce to such people. It almost seemed as if he could see into my mind, for he went on: "I am sick of being urged to try for a divorce. I don't want one. My missus and I were sweethearts when we were kids, and if I had the choice of the Shah of Persia's harem I wouldn't want to change.

The crushing blow

"Besides," he added, "I had my daughter to live for up to six months ago." "Has she married?" I asked him. "Worse than that," he said, and I detected a world of sadness in his voice.

"Not dead, I hope," I went on. "Would to God she was," he murmured.

For a time he was silent, and then in the same bitter tone he told me, "It's through her I had to sell my place and take on this job." "And what is your job?" I enquired, hoping to turn his thoughts away from his sorrows.

"I'm a saw sharpener now," he said, "and I call at the moorland farms where I manage to earn a few coppers sharpening their saws. If I have a good week I can make as much as 18s., and as I usually sleep in a barn or under a hedge, my lodgings don't cost me much."

"It was a pleasure to work when I had my wife and child," he said. "But now I'm getting on in years and I've lost them both—well, life doesn't seem to hold much for me."

Then he told me of his girl. He had trusted her with his all, and one day he had reached home to find that she had gone away, taking everything with her.

A truant tear trickled down the old man's cheek as he said, "The strange thing about it is that she's my daughter in spite of it all, and if she'd only come back again gladly would I forgive her."

After I had set him down where he lived, I made enquiries about him.

"A hard-working, respectable man, dogged by ill-luck all his life"—that is what one told me. "Crushed by sorrow and ruined by his own; if he had been a bit sterner he wouldn't be in the position he is now," said another.

If severity towards his kith and kin was his greatest sin, how many parents would escape a like judgment?

A moving appeal

I say that this quiet-faced man has been in my mind a good deal to-day. The reason is that I have had a letter from him. It contains a moving appeal.

"Can JOHN BULL help me to find my daughter?" he asks. "I haven't got many years to live, but I would give them all to see her again."

If Winifred Mary Watson reads these words, she will easily recognise herself. It is in her power to lighten the eventide of her father's life. For her mother's sake, I implore her not to fail him.

The Sentence of the Court

JUDGE JUDGES JUDGE

Visitor's Vacuous Verbosity

WHEN charged with sending offensive printed matter through the post, Judge Rutherford loosed such a flood of garrulous incoherence that the Court seemed in danger of being submerged by an ocean of meaningless verbosity.

"If I may be permitted," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I should like to congratulate the British Bench upon the fact that the prisoner is in no way associated with it.

"Born in Missouri, and a lawyer in his early years, Judge Rutherford is now head of an eccentric organisation calling itself the 'International Bible Students' Association,' under whose auspices six million copies of a poisonous leaflet, 'World Powers Addressed,' have been sent through the post.

"In this amazing document, twisted texts, preposterous prophecies and demented denunciations are mingled with virulent anti-British abuse. 'The God or invisible ruler of the British Empire,' we are told, 'has been Satan the devil.'

"London is described as 'the very seat of the beast,' whatever that means, and the information is supplied that the 'very pillars' of the British Empire 'are now tottering to the fall' because 'the name of Jehovah God is ignored."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter urged that the judge should not be condemned (his sense of humour would not permit him to say "condemned unheard") because his brand of nonsense was not the brand favoured by the average citizen. The judge had brought new hope to the world by his promise that the millennium would arrive in 1925.

Apparently (counsel continued) he had been a little astray in the date, but his further prophecy that "Millions now living will never die" was still a source of inspiration to many.

* * *

"Doubtless there are more things between Missouri and the millennium than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the oldest inhabitant of Colney Hatch," said Mr. Justice Bull; "but with the utmost willingness to admit that it takes all sorts to make a world, I am unable to discern what useful purpose is served by Judge Rutherford's sort.

"Reading the fantastic farrago which forms the basis of this charge, I am left with the impression that it was inspired by an almost insane hatred of the British Empire.

"The interlarding of this jumble of junk with Scriptural quotations only adds to its offensiveness, while the judge's crazy prophecies leave one wondering whether he is standing on his own head or treading on Mother Shipton's heels.

"His idea of oratory appears to be founded on the motto: 'Once more unto the screech, dear friends'; but I understand that rich rewards attach to this sort of noisy and spurious gospel-mongering in the land of Yankee boodle.

"I must direct that this pernicious pamphlet be burned by the common hangman, and will defer passing sentence upon its author, with a view to ascertaining if he can be dealt with retrospectively under the Excess Prophets Act."

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Of owners' bluff we've had enough,
The time for that is gone!
And if to force B. has recourse,
We say, "On! Stanley, On!"

Tho' many praise dictators' ways,
They're not much in our line.
Still, we admit they "help" a bit
When voters come to sign.

The slogan roared to all abroad
As bait has now been bitten,
And so this year—a giddy guest—
Has lately "Come to Britain!"

Our own ignored yet lands abroad
Are wildly eulogised.
And all around is our own ground
Untilled, uncolonised!

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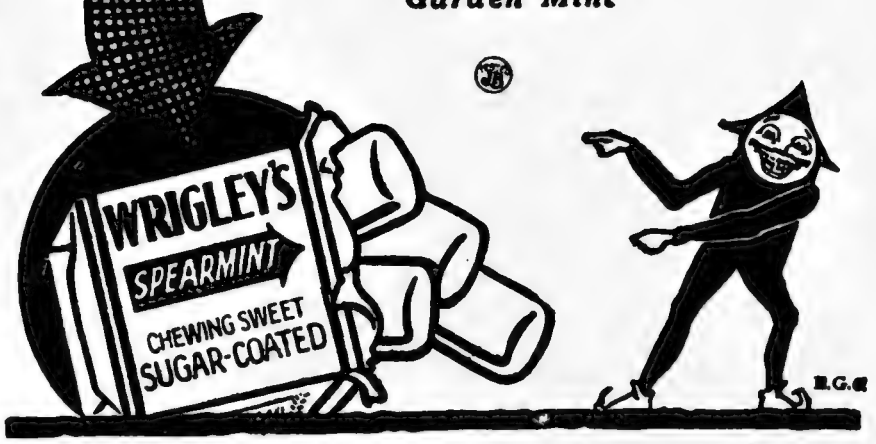

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Words Winged to Women

"THE woman-soul leadeth us upward and on" and that is the most beautiful work of women in any age. It will be the most tragic day that ever dawned for the world if women reverse their power, and lead the way, not to good, but to evil

ETON-CROP CRIME

by MABEL HORNER

IN the United States an experimental prison is being built. It will not have surrounding it those dark, high walls we are accustomed to see outside our prisons. The stigma of jail, as far as possible, will be removed by calling it an institution instead of a prison. Useful jobs, instead of merely disciplinary tasks, will be the employment provided. *It will be a house of correction run by women for women.*

If it succeeds it will doubtless find imitators this side of the water. But that is merely a confirmation of a dreadful doubt that has been creeping lately into the national conscience—a doubt that women are not so law-abiding as they were.

In America this increase of criminality amongst women is an accepted fact. But what about our own country?

Hitherto women have been honoured in this country as the law-abiding sex. Comparatively few women go to prison, and when they are sentenced it is only occasionally for very dreadful offences.

An irresistible lure

At Brighton quite recently Mabel Hardy and Sarah Pierce have been sent each to prison for six months for stealing lingerie. Shop-lifting for such women seems to have an irresistible lure. They see something pretty, something better than they can afford to buy, and if the opportunity occurs, they snatch it.

Other women come periodically in conflict with the law because they give way to drink, and others who have gradually drifted into a life of petty fraud.

But lately we have had a new type of woman criminal in our midst. Women are joining the ranks of the "crooks" and are becoming active in association with burglars, bandits and car-thieves.

Scotland Yard, at the present moment, is looking for a "pretty, Eton-cropped girl who, as the driver of a motor-car, took part in the robbery of a house at Claygate, Surrey," and who is believed by the police to have had a share in at least four other daring robberies.

"Bill Sikes" up to date

Continental cities have long been familiar with the phenomena of the dangerous woman bandit. America has girl gunmen who in a tight corner shoot at sight. Now the horror lifts its head in this country. Scotland Yard is disturbed at the number of women attempting crimes that once only men committed.

Eminent criminologists are concentrating on the problem. Sir James Olive, whose more than fifty years' service with the police force entitle his views to respect, boldly avers that the trouble comes from woman's insistence on equality.

"Women," says he, "have a greater love of sensation and notoriety than men, and this, taken in conjunction with their new-found freedom, must be taken into account."

Now, with all due respect, I vehemently disagree with this opinion. There are women prone to crime as there are men. Like every human type such people change with the times.

Instead of "Bill Sikes" with his unshaven jowl, his scowl and his brutality, we have the suave, gentlemanly crook, who can win his way into society, and the nimble cat-climber of water-pipes.

Instead of the woman sneak-thief who runs away with property under her ample skirts and big shawl, we have the slim, Eton-cropped young dare-devil who is up to the most daring of pranks.

What concerns women more nearly is to find out why a girl becomes a bandit instead of following a decent career, and what makes a lad turn burglar instead of trying honestly to work for his living.

And I say that both are the results of their parentage and early training. I think over all the hundreds of young people I most closely know.

Sir James Olive, who holds that the increase of crime amongst women is induced by love of notoriety

Some are doing well, others struggle in the depths of life's difficulties, but not one, were he or she on the brink of death itself from privation, would ever think of becoming a criminal.

Bending the twig

Truth does not change, and it is still true that if a father and mother train up a child in the way it should go, when it is old it will not depart from it.

Courage is a heritage, but it must be courage to fare through life without doing another injury, the courage to face poverty rather than try to enrich oneself through wrong-doing.

So that, after all, the final solution lies not with Scotland Yard at all, but in the little homes of Britain. And when every father and mother realises it before many years are past our prisons might be closed down and reconstructed into colleges and social institutes.

The Mothers' Millennium

by H. M. SWANWICK, M.A. *(Editor of "Foreign Affairs," Member of the British Delegation to the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations)*

ONE is always being impressed by the fact that quarrels are "news" while steady slogging work is voted dull and reports of it are considered unreadable.

This is a lamentable fact, because it has the effect of making mankind appear even more quarrelsome than it is and of concentrating people's minds on conflict rather than on co-operation, in this way intensifying the fear and distrust which make co-operation impossible.

However, for once in a while, the good gods are being really good to the pacifists (should I say the "peacemakers"?), and the great reconciliations of France and Germany in the bosom of the League of Nations is both news and good news—good tidings of great joy.

Who now will dare to hate Germany or to distrust her, when France has put her hand into Germany's hand and declared that they will work together for the peace of the world?

ON that day of days I met an ancient Briton who was still asserting his undying hatred of the Germans because he had a son killed in the war; he seemed impervious to the notion that there were German fathers, too, whose sons were killed in the war, and I was going foolishly to allow myself to be depressed about it when a gay young thing put me in love with life again by remarking cheerfully, "I saw you talking with the Dodo."

I felt at once that the right name had been found. An almost extinct species, the dodos must be allowed painlessly to die out.

THE two great speeches on the occasion of Germany taking her seat in the Assembly were truly great. They contained not one regrettable word and their tact was directed quite obviously by genuine good feeling.

Herr Stresemann, who was clearly strung up to a degree which impeded freedom of expression, read his statement, which bears reading or re-reading, and in which the dominant note was Germany's intention to be a good League member and to pursue her policy by methods of justice and co-operation.

M. Briand is a past master in oratory; he is familiar with this audience and he is an old favourite with the Assembly. He knows how to plead and how to make his hearers smile as well as weep.

Personally I found the most touching parts of his speech in his gently and sadly uttered confessions of past errors and semi-humorous resolves to sin no more.

There is no denying that M. Briand has been too fond of secret diplomacy in the past. The disastrous failure of his combinations of last March (in which he was unhappily supported by our Foreign Secretary) caused the collapse of the Extraordinary Assembly, and if the position has been somewhat retrieved, this has been because quite other methods were subsequently brought into play.

The resignations of Spain and Brazil remain, however, as evil consequences of the intrigues which followed Locarno and in which M. Briand took so large a part; he knows also that it will take a considerable time before the Assembly is assured that the Council does not intend to pursue the policy, so much resented, of presenting it with a cut-and-dried policy which it must accept under dire threats.

WELL, M. Briand recognised that these methods did not "partake of the true spirit of the League of Nations." He promised that "everything must be done in public and in collaboration with all the nations belonging to the League."

He declared that the craving for prestige and the desire for domination were the very great enemies of co-operation and very movingly confessed that he had often in the past allowed himself to be led astray by these ambitions.

There was a brave humility in these words that touched me quite as much as his proffers of friendship and repudiation of force, fine as these were and magnificently expressed.

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Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

Lured to the Underworld

A Life of Torture—The Old Flame—Abusing a Welcome

"LAST August my daughter, who is still in her teens, obtained a situation as a housemaid-waitress in a Lancashire town. For a time she visited us regularly, usually at week-ends, and her mother and I quite thought that she was happy and comfortable.

"She joined the family for a week-end last year while we were having a seaside holiday, and left us, as we thought, to go back to her work. From that time we heard nothing whatever of her until recently, when we learned of the terrible thing that had befallen her.

"We found on enquiry at the hotel where she had been employed that she had only stayed there a fortnight, and further investigation showed that when she left there she had frequently visited a house where there was staying a young woman married to a coloured man.

"It seems that through association with this ill-assorted couple she became very friendly with a number of coloured men and eventually disappeared.

"It is only recently that we have been able to trace her further movements with the aid of a social worker, and you can realise our horror at discovering that for some months past she had been living a life of degradation in a Chinese laundry.

"WE have rescued my poor girl from her terrible surroundings, but she is now in trouble and there will soon be living evidence of the sort of life she was forced to lead in that Chinese hell.

"We can get little satisfaction out of the foreigners. One of them, who cannot speak English, sent us word by another who can that he would be willing to pay all expenses, whatever that may mean, but that does not seem to be enough.

"There seems no doubt that it was the white wife of a coloured man with whom she first became acquainted who lured her to the underworld of vice in which she has suffered so much.

"How can we secure retribution and make it difficult, if not impossible, for other girls to be spirited away to the same shameful slavery?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I trust your daughter's terrible experience will, indeed, serve as a warning to others. You should report the whole matter to the secretary of the National Vigilance Association, 2, Grosvenor Mansions, 76, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, who will do everything possible to bring to justice the wretches responsible for your daughter's downfall.*

* * *

"I AM in great distress regarding my mother. Though I am now nearly thirty years of age and am happily married, through all the years I was at home I never knew a single day's real happiness owing to my father's terrible character.

The Breaking Point

"It is a hard thing to say about one's own father, but it is difficult for me to imagine a more horrible man.

"My mother has always been a good-living woman, with a heart to sympathise with others in trouble, but her life has been one long torture through the incessant drunkenness and evil-living of my father.

"Of late years my mother has looked after the orphan children left in her care by my father's sister, who was much the same in character as himself, and the task of protecting them from their uncle's cruelty has added to her burden.

"I feel that things have now reached the breaking-point for her. I and my husband are shortly going abroad, but I cannot bear the thought of leaving my mother to continue the hopeless struggle.

"My husband has suggested that she and one of the children who is devoted to her should accompany us, and I should like to know how we could make arrangements secretly, for I am terrified of what my father might do if he got to know that my mother was going to leave him altogether."

"HUMANIST" says: *I can understand your difficulty, but it seems a great pity that you should do anything underhanded even in dealing with such a brutal father. Your mother should have no difficulty in obtaining a separation order, and the court would, no doubt, make proper arrangements for the custody of the children. Once they were out of his control your father would have no right to interfere with their future.*

* * *

"FOUR years ago I quarrelled with the girl to whom I was then engaged, and we parted rather bitterly. She went to London to work, and until recently I heard nothing further of her.

Vain Regrets

"A year or so later, I married someone else, but I am sorry to say my marriage has turned out an absolute failure, and even the arrival of a child did not improve matters.

"While we were fairly happy, however, a friend of my wife's asked if she could bring a chum of hers who was on holiday to our home to tea, and I was surprised to find that the visitor was none other than my old sweetheart.

"We soon realised that our old affection was not dead, and I had ample proof of the girl's love for me when soon afterwards I became very ill and had to spend three months in hospital.

During that time my wife never once visited me, while my old sweetheart was most attentive to my comfort every visiting day.

"I am out and about again now, but living a cat-and-dog life, and what is worrying me is whether I should provide my wife with ground for divorce so that the girl and I may be able to look forward to a future of happiness instead of lifelong regret."

"HUMANIST" says: *Though your wife may not have shown you much sympathy during your illness, I cannot help wondering to what extent your thinking of your former sweetheart may have been the cause of your matrimonial failure. You married "for better or worse," and you should honour your marriage vows and make the best of it, putting out of your mind vain regrets for past misunderstandings.*

Alone in the World

RELATIONS are often helpful as well as troublesome, but many poor folk have none to rally to their assistance when they are in distress. You can play brother or sister to such lonely souls in need by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund.
(See p. 4.)

"MY wife has a brother and sister, both single and hale and hearty, although they are getting on in years. Owing to the house in which they lived being sold, they found themselves temporarily homeless and we allowed them to come to us until they could find somewhere else to go.

The Wife's Relations

"Instead of the few weeks I anticipated, they have remained for several months without making the slightest effort to look for other accommodation, and they do not even pay us any rent for the rooms they occupy or contribute in any way towards the expenses of the household.

"I am only a working man and find it difficult enough to support my wife and family on my small wage. I like to help anyone in trouble, but this burden has become an intolerable bugbear.

"They have far more furniture than they need, so that we are terribly cramped for room, but they ignore my suggestion that they should sell some of it and find other quarters."

"HUMANIST" says: *It seems a pity that you cannot come to an amicable arrangement in the matter, but you are under no obligation to support your wife's relations, and if they have abused their welcome, you should insist upon their finding other accommodation and, if necessary, seek the aid of the law.*

* * *

Reconciliation

"I married in defiance of my parents and, though I have been fairly happy, it has grieved me to learn that my husband intercepted letters so that I was not even informed of my mother's death. My father has written to me, and my husband wishes me to ignore the letter. What is my duty?"

"Humanist" says: *In all probability your father is anxious to effect a reconciliation, and I think it is very hard-hearted of your husband to wish to interfere. Ask him to put himself in your father's position. If you can make him realise how he would feel if you died and he was prevented from communicating with his children, he would perhaps see matters in a better light.*

Troublesome Children

"My youngsters have wandered into my neighbour's garden and stolen his fruit. The last time he caught them he chastised them severely. We used to be good friends, but this has made us bitter enemies. Can I take any action against my neighbour for cruelty?"

"Humanist" says: *It seems to me that your neighbour has only done what you should have done yourself. You should keep your children out of his garden and punish them if they disobey you. Put yourself in his position, and you may find yourself on friendly terms again.*

A Debt of Honour

"A bookmaker to whom I owe money threatens to sue me for debt. I am told by my friends that he is often a defaulter. Do you think I am justified in refusing to pay him?"

"Humanist" says: *If you have accepted payment of winnings from this bookmaker you are in honour bound to pay your debt. His transactions with your friends are no concern of yours. If you have an active conscience you should be able to decide the matter for yourself.*

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for Mr. Macdonald Smith's illustrated booklet "Light on Pianoforte Playing." It explains his system fully and gives details of fees and postal lessons.

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Our Letter Parliament

To Jail viâ the Slums

The Nurses' Claim—Cheating Hop-pickers—Filching the Land

THE excellent article from the pen of Judge Atherley-Jones shows us only too clearly and forcibly how far modern civilisation is from perfection or anything approaching it. Such crime as his statistics reveal is a blot on the life of the English nation, and I agree with him that a large percentage of it is ascribable to environment and circumstance.—*Robert Coulter, Leeds.*

Crime's Breeding-ground

Let the State apply itself to the task of eliminating the slums, the breeding-ground of crime and misery. When this has been accomplished it will be found that prisons are unnecessary. Prisons and the slums go hand in hand, and all the punishment in the world will not better matters.—*J. C. P., Edinburgh.*

Asking for It

Judge Atherley-Jones will give a shock to the advocates of sterner punishment for wrongdoers. The aim of the best penal systems must be reformative rather than punitive. If poverty incites people to criminal acts, how foolish it is when a person has served his sentence to send him back to the same conditions under which he lived before.—*W. Leece, Everton.*

The Devil's Chance

It is true that poverty and bad housing account for much of the juvenile crime; but another cause is enforced idleness. With no employment available, the energy and enterprise of youth is easily turned to ways which are oft-times criminal. Thus a spirit of adventure, which might be put to good use, is deflected to criminal ends.—*G. R., New Cross.*

Jail or Gutter?

I once did a term of six months and can perhaps speak with more authority about prisons even than Judge Atherley-Jones. They aren't pleasant places to be in, but I'm not sure that I wouldn't rather be there than where I am now, in the gutter. Abolish poverty first. It will then be time enough to talk about prisons, where at least a man is fed.—*Down and Out, Doncaster.*

Sloppy Sentiment

Judge Atherley-Jones goes a bit too far in his sentiments of pity for the jail-bird. It may be true that prisons breed criminals, but if there were no prisons there would be many more. The fear of the police and of the disgrace of a criminal trial keeps many a man straight who might otherwise go crooked. Our modern criminologists are becoming too sloppy.—*Inner Temple, London.*

Sap the Source

Judge Atherley-Jones says a large proportion of the inmates of prisons are of inferior mental and physical culture, mostly unfit to earn a decent living. There is a remedy for this, and it is not jail. Settlements should be established where these unfits might be kept suitably occupied, under as beneficent conditions as may be, but where they could no longer perpetuate a deteriorated stock.—*Eugenist, Hants.*

Burning for Revenge

Any one connected with a big penal settlement will know that there is never any certainty as to the moral result of a term of imprisonment on any given prisoner. To some natures the punishment may be both a deterrent and an excellent lesson, while to others the educational value may be great, and the deterrent effect almost nil. But in one class of prisoner imprisonment wakes up only the worst of emotions, a desire for revenge on society.—*T. Barlow, Plaistow.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Uniform Slaves

The qualified nurse has undoubtedly suffered long and patiently under many disabilities, and she will continue to do so until nurses combine and demand the same measure of consideration as is given to the doctors. "Ministering angels" they are sometimes called, and rightly so; but the authorities ought to remember that the nurses are also human beings who would appreciate similar treatment and kindness as they so gladly give to the suffering.—*F. P., Grangetown.*

Official Treachery

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article, "Colossal Government Fraud," uncovers an amazing piece of official treachery. His courageous indictment of ministerial incompetency and lack of scruple makes it obvious why our politicians are less unpopular abroad than here. If the future is to be safeguarded against such political jobbery, public opinion must rouse and express itself.—*R. J. G., Shepherd's Bush.*

Robbing the Widow

Economy has long been advocated in regard to the Government's administration, but this policy was never meant to apply to the dispensation of gratuities to war widows or our disabled ex-Servicemen. The withholding of such a large sum of money by the Government, as exposed by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson, is a lasting reproach to all those whose gilded promises encouraged our men to leave home and help their country in its time of trouble.—*H. Geoffrey Watson, Leeds.*

Family Endowment

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in his article "A Plot Against Ramsay," suggests that the plan whereby £125,000,000 should be set aside by the next Labour Cabinet for the purpose of providing allowances for working-class mothers is neither practical nor sensible. Yet this system of family endowment is already operating successfully in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Poland and France. The Coal Commission approved of this scheme also as "one of the most valuable that could be adopted."—*R. H., New Scaham.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes 'Pie.")

"DAILY SKETCH":—"SUNRISE yesterday EVENING found the monkey again on the housetops."

"NORTH WALES TIMES":—"The women must have been STANDING still WALKING towards him, as he saw their faces distinctly."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—"But to CURE or replace a worker who is KILLED may cost hundreds of pounds."

"WEEKLY IRISH TIMES":—"Thomas Murphy was treated last Saturday in Jervie Street Hospital for a compound fracture of MARLBOROUGH STREET."

"GLASGOW TIMES":—"The Lord Provost has sent a telegram of congratulation to MRS. —— on HIS attainment of HER 100th birthday."

"TORONTO STAR WEEKLY":—"During the next THREE MINUTES he had a bad QUARTER OF AN HOUR."

A Big Job

According to the Press, the Ministry of Labour obtains its cost-of-living figures through its various employment exchanges. If each exchange exhibited a chart giving prices, names of retailers, and the commodities concerned, it would show the housewife where the supposed reductions in the cost of living could be obtained.—*Housewife, Shropshire.*

Mean Robbery

Now that so many poor women and children are hop-picking may I point out how they are being cheated? The measurer almost invariably uses a two-bushel basket to measure one bushel and generally his orders are to "Take them heavy." So instead of picking five-and-a-half, say, for a shilling, the poor picker has to pick nine and sometimes ten bushels.—*J. P. Cornish, London.*

Indecent Snobbery

The Wallasey Corporation has ordered the removal of wooden crosses and similar simple memorials from the cemetery, on the ground that "they spoil the general appearance of the place." Apparently, the right to have one's memory perpetuated, depends on the amount of money left behind. It is to be hoped that none of the corporation members die without leaving behind them sufficient to purchase a marble headstone!—*E. O., Stockport.*

Mining Pays

In a village near my residence lives a gentleman who owns several tracts of land and he has discovered coal on one of them. He is paying several miners a saving wage, obtaining a fair profit and supplying the whole village with coal at a moderate price. I think this proves that the proposals advocated by JOHN BULL are a paying proposition. Pay the miners a saving wage and supply direct to the consumer.—*Fair Play, Lancashire.*

The Miner's Urge

Recently, in the dead of night, I came across a disused coal level in the mountain side and heard a faint tapping. Presently a bent figure appeared, struggling with a bag of coal. Mistaking me for a policeman he murmured, "All right, the game's up!" He had worked alone for hours, beneath a treacherous roof, to collect two-shillings' worth of coal. Slogans were nothing to him; for another baby had arrived.—*Rolling Stone, Glam.*

A New Sport

Greyhound racing has taken Manchester by storm, and it is proposed to erect a track at the White City, in order to provide Londoners with a new sport. This is another name for rabbit-coursing, but in this case the "rabbit" is an electric hare. I would like to offer the suggestion to the authorities concerned, that the use of an electric hare should be enforced in those districts which indulge in the ghastly "sport" of rabbit-coursing, year in, year out.—*Justice, London.*

The Church and the Land

You call attention to the restriction of the children's playgrounds by land being either unobtainable or too costly to buy. When it is recalled that playgrounds throughout the country were filched by comparatively recent Enclosure Acts the shame increases. That our Established Church so obtained many acres is deplorable. Enclosure Acts in Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire alone gave the Church 101,000 acres in lieu of tithes. Parliamentary returns in 1891 showed the clergy drawing annually £991,242 from land, and the ecclesiastical revenue from land as £1,371,107.—*D. M., Whetstone.*

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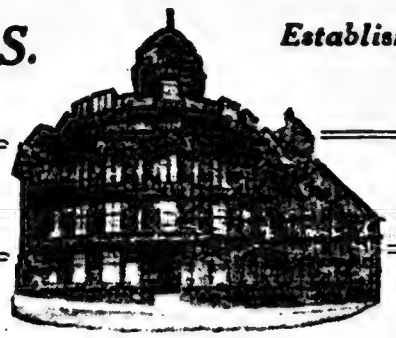
Established 1867.



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From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

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FOOTBALL

LISTS SENT ON APPLICATION.

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

A Try-Try-Again Punter

This Week's Cesarewitch Rehearsal—The Newbury Cup Winner Picks Up a Big Penalty—Yutoi Won Both Races—Tom Pinch Again

A FEW weeks ago one of my correspondents enquired of a London commission agent the price of Try Try Again for the Cesarewitch. He was offered 33 to 1. In view of the fact that the weights of the ninety odd entries were not even published, he did not think these odds very generous and tried, tried again three other agencies. The reply in every case was 33 to 1. So he wrote to JOHN BULL about it.

40 to 1 Good Odds

At the moment of writing 40 to 1 can be obtained against the four-year-old's chance for the first of the big back-end races, and I don't think my persevering friend will better this price. The filly, by the way, is by Cylgad out of Perseverance II. He may take this as a coincidence and put a little more on.

Engaged in the Newbury Cup

I mention this incident as Try Try Again is one of the probables in Saturday's Cesarewitch rehearsal, the Newbury Autumn Cup, and has an excellent chance. Unfortunately, if the filly wins she will pick up a 10-lb. penalty for the Newmarket race, and this will not enhance her prospects. Yutoi captured both events in 1921, but it takes a good 'un. I think that wise punters who have backed Rhodes' four-year-old for the Cesarewitch should not miss her each-way at Newbury.

Masked Ruler's Mishap

I learn that something has gone wrong with Masked Ruler, and the colt has been sent back to France. He can now be regarded as a doubtful starter for the Cesarewitch after all, and The Wolf or Forseti may be the best from the Macomber stable. This is a disappointment to connections, for it was hoped they would not have a better than Masked Ruler. The Sirdar, who ran third in our Derby last year at 100 to 1, continues to do well, and is likely to represent the stable in the Cambridgeshire.

Torterolo and Tom Pinch

Torterolo, the famous Argentine trainer, tells me he is far from convinced that Tom Pinch is the arch-rogue he is made out to be, and is hoping to make a good racehorse of him yet in spite of all the humorists have said about Tom.

A Lincoln Proposition

Remembering how near Torterolo came to succeeding with Town Guard, I shall not be surprised if he succeeds with Tom Pinch and, in any case, the horse is pretty certain to be seen in England again next season. Not only that, but there are hopes of him as a Lincolnshire Handicap proposition.

Speed but No Stamina

I am beginning to despair of Mardoman winning another race as she is not training on. I saw the filly walk away with her first race of the season at Newbury by eight lengths in remarkably fast time for the time of year, but now she is showing lack of stamina. I expect her trainer, Dick Dawson, wishes we had three or four furlong events, similar to those which are run in America. Mardoman is a flier from the gate, but recently she failed to last home on one of the easiest courses, Warwick.

"Diamond Jubilee" Jones

I think that every race-goer will wish Herbert Jones, or "Diamond Jubilee" Jones as he will always be remembered by old-timers, a speedy recovery from his very serious illness. Jones was only a lad in the days of Diamond Jubilee, but he was the only rider in the Royal stables who could manage the quer-tempered colt. In fact, Diamond Jubilee would not allow anyone else to attempt to ride him. I saw Jones win the Derby on the son of St. Simon. I also had the pleasure of witnessing "Teddy" lead in his winner. It was rather difficult to see much owing to the number of good silk hats, bowlers, and every other form of headgear which went up in the air

"Diamond Jubilee" Jones

Dawson City's Rheumatism

It was a bit of a come-down for Dawson City to be relegated to a "seller" at Doncaster. The son of the Derby winner, Spearmint, has been fancied for a Cambridgeshire, a Lincoln and many other important handicaps since he came over from Ireland in 1924, but he has proved a big frost. Basil Jarvis has been treating the horse for rheumatism for a long, long time and no doubt this is the reason he wants to get rid of him. If the horse is kept to selling races he should be backed every time.

Another Bad Start

I coded Palefroi to win the Emscote Welter Handicap at Warwick. To the consternation of the backers who had made Wootton's gelding a 5 to 2 favourite in a big field, he was left at the post and might just as well have stayed at Epsom. It was not much consolation to those who did not have a run for their money that the gelding's jockey, Smirke, was reported by the starter for disobedience and fined a fiver. If jockeys are to be penalised they should be hit heavily in the pocket. The race cost Palefroi's backers a thousand or two.

THE RULING PASSION

A luckless punter, Fate reviling,
Saw a fat bookie gaily smiling.
The punter swore with might and main,
"I'll never back with *you* again.
Your number's up. The Tote is due
And then I'll never back with you."
Loud laughed the bookie, "Cheese it, Bill,
I'll bet you ten to one you will!"
The punter growled and strode away,
But very soon returned to say:
"Why cramp the odds? Afraid I'll break you?
Offer me twenties—and I'll take you!"

Messenger Boy

I have been asked when Mr. "Manna" Morriss intends to run his Hurry-On-Fillinella two year old, Messenger Boy. The youngster is not likely to be seen out until next season, and although his breeding is splendid, the colt may not necessarily be of much account. Mr. Morriss gave 4,700 guineas for Messenger Boy. He also gave 2,100 guineas for Betel Nut at the same time, but this Buchan filly proved so disappointing that he gave her away recently to a friend.

"SILVER RING."

FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

INKY BOY.—In my opinion Inky Boy was second best to Arcado at Yarmouth although he finished among the also-rans. The seven furlongs of the Redhill Mid-Weight Handicap at Gatwick will suit him, but he likes the going on the soft side.

WINGS OF THE MORNING, entered at Edinburgh, is quite capable of carrying his penalty to victory. Before his recent wins, the gelding beat the useful Still Life and others in a trial.

ARUNTIUS.—Martin has been very busy lately with this five-year-old. If running, the gelded son of Call of the Wild should be backed for the United Services Cup at Newbury. Aruntius dead-heated with Cottingham over the course early in the season.

GAY BABY.—The Aga Khan's 10,500-guineas purchase is the likely winner of the Newbury Autumn Foal Plate.

ORBINDOS should be backed again this week.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow News Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, the Sheffield Mail.

O P C I V T S W F Z A M U H

X 3 K G Q E R D Y B N L J 2

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. ZNMWNSKETS would read BOLD ARCHER.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, September 22, to Tuesday, September 28.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Burnley, Preston, Halifax, Stoke, Swindon, Dundee.

5 HOME.—Leicester, Notts Co., Halifax, Stoke, Dundee.

4 HOME.—Tottenham, Bradford, Preston, Swindon.

3 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Bristol C., Celtic.

3 DRAWS.—Portsmouth v. Blackpool, Coventry v. Bournemouth, Kilmarnock, v. Hearts.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Halifax, Stoke, Dundee, Huddersfield, St. Mirren.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Swindon, Bristol C., Doncaster v. New Brighton.

FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 2.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Bolton, Bury, Derby, Liverpool, Manchester U., Sunderland, W. Bromwich.

AWAY WINNER.—Newcastle.

DRAWS.—Huddersfield v. Leicester, Sheffield U. v. Burnley.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Blackburn, Clapton, Grimsby, Port Vale, Reading, Southampton, Swansea.

AWAY WINNERS.—South Shields, Manchester C.

DRAWS.—Chelsea v. Preston, Middlesbrough v. Notts County.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN)

HOME WINNERS.—Barrow, Chesterfield, Halifax, Nelson, Southport, Wrexham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Tranmere, Rochdale.

DRAWS.—Ashington v. Rotherham, Crewe v. Durham, New Brighton v. Stoke.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Bournemouth, Brighton, Bristol C., Luton, Millwall, Newport, Norwich, Plymouth.

AWAY WINNERS.—Swindon, Exeter.

DRAW.—Aberdare v. Watford.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Airdrie, Hearts, Motherwell, Partick.

AWAY WINNERS.—Queen's Park, Cowdenbeath.

DRAWS.—Celtic v. Dundee, Dunfermline v. Clyde, St. Mirren v. Glasgow Rangers.

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Venereal Disease, if neglected for even a short time may develop serious complications, prevent any hope of marriage, and finally ruin health and happiness for life. If there has been any risk of infection, lose no time before getting reliable medical advice. The earlier the treatment, the earlier and more complete the cure.

Consult your own doctor, or get free advice and (if necessary) treatment under conditions of secrecy, at the Out-Patients' Department of a Hospital, or at a Maternity Centre.

Full information free (in plain cover) can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept. P., Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James' Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

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Smoke B.D.V. and Win £500

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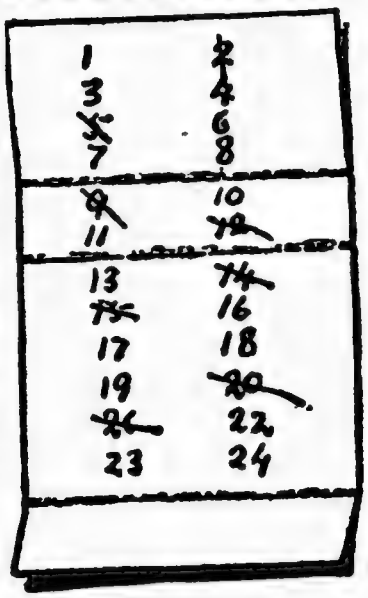
COMPETITION No. 4.
MATCHES PLAYED OCT. 2nd.

1	Arsenal	2	Newcastle U.
3	Blackburn R.	4	Everton
5	Bolton W.	6	Birmingham
7	Bury	8	Tottenham H.
9	Huddersfield T.	10	Leicester C.
11	Liverpool	12	Leeds U.
13	Sheffield U.	14	Burnley
15	Sunderland	16	Wednesday
17	Bradford C.	18	South Shields
19	Ashington	20	Rotherham U.
21	Aberdeen	22	Hamilton A.
23	Airdrieonians	24	Kilmarnock



NO COUPONS REQUIRED

£500 will be paid to the competitor who forecasts correctly the result of twelve matches. If more than one competitor is successful the £500 will be divided. If no competitor gives twelve correct results £250 will be paid to the competitor who forecasts eleven correctly. If more than one competitor forecasts eleven correct results, the £250 will be divided. If no competitor succeeds in forecasting eleven correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor who forecasts ten or next best correct results. In the event of a tie the £100 will be divided and

MUST BE WON.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Buy a packet of B.D.V. Cigarettes, slit the cover of the packet and copy on to the unprinted side the numbers from 1 to 24, as shown in the accompanying picture. Cross out the numbers indicating the teams you think will lose, leave in both numbers if you think they will draw. (Keep an exact copy.) Matches not played to a finish do not count.

No writing of team names required, numbers only. See illustration.

One forecast with your name and address on one packet of ten; two forecasts allowed on a packet of twenty. Write your name and town in capital letters on the back of the envelope. Pipe smokers may also compete. Copy team numbers on a sheet of paper and enclose label and foil of one packet B.D.V. tobacco. Packets of forecasts must be sufficiently stamped. No responsibility will be accepted for any packet lost, delayed or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

The Competition Editor of the "Sunday Herald" and "Daily Sketch" will act as Referee. In case of dispute, his decision must be accepted as final and legally binding. The above rules are express conditions of entry, and competitors enter on this understanding.

Employees of Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., are not allowed to compete.

No correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted.

If successful in nine or more matches you must send in a claim on a postcard, stating the number of matches given correctly, and setting out an exact copy of your forecast.

Address Forecasts to B.D.V. Competition No. 4, P.O. Box 181, GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd., Commercial Street, London, E. 1.

Closing Date: Thursday, September 30th.

Address Claims to B.D.V. Competition No. 4, Claims, P.O. Box 160, 52, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date: Tuesday, October 5th.

Result of Competition No. 4 will be published in "Sunday Herald," "Sunday Pictorial" and "Empire News," Oct. 17th.

10 *for* 6d.
One Forecast.

20 *for* 11½d.
Two Forecasts.

B.D.V.
THE KING OF CIGARETTES.
Plain or Cork Tips.
GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

LOOK out for the stock and share sharks. It is the newest stunt to catch the unwary. When a proposition is put to you that "is the surest certainty in the world," write to JOHN BULL about it. Our Free Advice Service, if you send particulars and stamped addressed envelope, will make the fullest enquiries and put you on your guard. Don't plunge first; it may be fatal. Advice given is absolutely reliable—and free!

* * *

L. N. (London, W.).—"I'd like to receive the freedom of the city." Can't you persuade your wife to go away for a holiday?

P. T. (Stockwell).—"Did you care for the article I sent you?" Oh, yes. We placed it tenderly in a special basket.

T. B. (Widnes).—"Sometimes I wake up in the night feeling very hungry." Do you bolt your bedroom door?

W. E. (Gloucester).—"My mother-in-law missed the charabanc, and it overturned during the trip. Wasn't that providential?" Not knowing your mother-in-law, we can't say.

D. J. (Folkestone).—"When the local fire-brigade attempted to rescue a cat from a roof it jumped down the chimney and appeared safely in the room below." Our theory is that the animal is an animated cartoon film fan.

"TRAVELLER" (Hull).—"In Denmark, all ladies, whether married or single, are addressed as 'Mrs.'" Flappers must be despondent at the thought that they'll never be missed.

Miss O. (Port Sunlight).—"He held me tight and kissed me I don't know how many times." What? And the thing going on right under your nose?

PETER G. (Edinburgh).—"I'm a strong believer in Scotland for the Scots." Whereas most of them appear to believe in England for themselves.

MRS. L. (St. Albans).—"In spite of appearances, most women have a secret sorrow in their hearts." And an invisible skeleton in their flesh.

MRS. F. (Nelson).—"All life's trials have one common end." Forty shillings or fourteen days!

Miss G. (Kew).—"You must be tired of getting letters from idiots." Dear lady, we wouldn't be so rude as to say that of your letters.

H. W. (Ruislip).—"I'd go through fire and water for this girl." We suspect she'd much rather you went through your bankbook for her.

"OLD STAGER" (Liverpool).—"This will be the fourth time I have taken the marriage vows." You are growing old in the service.

MRS. L. (Canning Town).—"It pays to cast one's bread upon the waters." So long as you don't expect it to come back in the form of roast duck.

T. D. (Sowerby Bridge).—"What is the Order of the Bath?" In most families baby first and the rest of the kiddies according to age.

J. M. (Brentford).—"My wife will insist on me wearing her home-knit ties." Grow a beard, man, grow a beard.

Miss G. (Acton).—"If a man gives a girl one kiss it speaks volumes." And she proceeds to encourage him to start a library.

FANNIE (Chesterfield).—"A woman ought always to be looked up to." Whereas she mostly prefers to be looked round at.

W. W. (Wanstead).—"I have a constant buzzing in my head." That at least is something.

S. R. (Scarborough).—"There will be crowds on the sands right through this month." And crowds on the rocks right through next month.

J. L. (Cowcadden).—"Whatever should I have done without your advice?" Six months.

H. W. (Swansea).—"The girl next door is a real brick." Then take care she doesn't throw herself at you.

MRS. G. (Elstow).—"She's not a bit clever. She only makes people think so." Well, isn't that clever?

M. L. J. (Pontefract).—"Do you believe what any fool tells you?" Oh, no; but we must admit you make your letter very plausible.

BESSIE (Manchester).—"Love always makes the heart light." And not infrequently keeps the parlour dark.

B. Y. (Golders Green).—"Golfing is too strenuous an exercise for women." Yet it's the men who seem to give way to loud pants while following it.

Miss F. (Kew Bridge).—"And what's the latest scandal since I've been out of town?" There has been none since you've been out of town.

MRS. C. M. (Chichester). "I am getting anxious about my husband—lately he's been seeing everything double." Don't worry, madam—perhaps he's only been looking at the *Bullets* "Twin" Prize List.

G. O. (Carlisle).—"What is the exact meaning of *Honi soit qui mal y pense*?" The nude ain't always rude, you know, old bean!

S. L. (Hanley).—"You haven't £5 to lend?" We don't know who told you, but they were right.

B. D. Y. (Kilburn).—"He laughed at my offer, and wouldn't entertain it." Yet your offer must have entertained him.

MARY (Leicester).—"He is a muff." Holds your hand without squeezing it, what?

T. R. J. (Bury).—"I am told that husband and wife can spend a fortnight on the Continent for £20. How much should it cost me alone?" Oh, about £50.

C. E. (Dundee).—"The doctor's bill was fifteen guineas and he never told me what I'd got. Perhaps he didn't know." Oh, yes, he did. He knew you'd got fifteen guineas.

Indignant Servant: "And mistress she says to me, 'Just you polish that table till you can see your face in it.'"

Cook (well meaning but tactless): "'Eartless cruelty, I calls it!"

One of 20 funny jokes in this week's "Passing Show"—36 pages for 2d.

G. N. (Grantham).—"I promised to pay, so he withdrew the summons." Which doesn't mean that you can go on promising to pay.

N. N. S. (Chester).—"When I do hit him he'll remember it." Perhaps he'll hit you first, and you won't.

P. V. (Peckham).—"Some roads should be reserved for motor-cars and the rest for horses." But what about Fords?

P. W. A. (Southbourne).—"They are becoming quite a nuisance, dropping into tea every day." Try giving 'em sponge-cake—they might take the hint.

O. T. (Burnley).—"Would you ever go into Parliament?" No, we could never stand for it.

DAISY P. (Rotherham).—"I have decided to marry a struggling barrister." If you have decided, why does he struggle?

MRS. M. C. (Highbury).—"Without making enquiries, the club telephone operator told me my husband wasn't there." Nobody's husband ever is, you know.

SERGEANT P. B. (Aldershot).—"It is an honour to die for one's country." It is more sensible to live for it.

W. T. R. (Penzance).—"My opponent played a splendid game—his driving was magnificent." How much did you beat him by?

H. H. E. (Bexhill).—"The waiter had the cheek to say that the lobster must have lost a claw in a fight." You should have ordered the winner.

H. T. R. (Ilford).—"I haven't heard from you yet about my new memory-training course." No, you forgot to give us your address.

C. P. (Streatham).—"It seems to me that the author of a book like 'William Clissold' must be a very profound philosopher." But you would naturally expect to find Wells a bit deep, wouldn't you?

A. D. (Woking).—"I have always regarded life as an insoluble riddle." Yet we suppose you're no more ready than other people to give it up.

V. G. (Hythe).—"My wife and I were children together, and I suspect she hasn't lost the temper she had as a young girl." But if she does lose it, you'll jolly well wish she hadn't.

E. F. (Reading).—"Believe me, sir, there is a tremendous lot in luck." Except, of course, when it happens to be bad luck.

B. G. K. (Romford).—"I am obliged to cut this letter short, as a man with a trombone has begun to make a horrible noise outside." It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

G. Y. (Enfield).—"May I ask that the enclosed contribution may be well considered by you?" It has been, and we consider it very ill-considered on your part.

M. C. (Sheffield).—"Travel will always bring a man out." And if it's ocean travel sometimes inside out as well.

FERDIE (Cambridge).—"I don't see why a girl should snub her lover for trying to snatch a kiss." Well, it all depends from whom he tries to snatch it.

MRS. B. (Bradford).—"I don't mind telling you for years we have always had two poor children for Sunday dinner." Cannibals!

MRS. P. (Nelson).—"Girls never thought of smoking when I was young." That's why they didn't smoke.

N. G. E. (Didsbury).—"I have been offered a job in Covent Garden. Is there any chance to rise if I come up?" Every chance—at 4 a.m. daily.

G. B. (Folkestone).—"I am an actor, and seldom at home, yet my wife spends a little fortune on entertaining." In fact, everybody seems to live in your house except you.

D. P. (Falmouth).—"I fell over the hall-stand when I went home last night." We suppose you made a big noise so that your wife wouldn't hear you come in.

N. G. F. (Perth).—"Scotland is an awful country to live in." It is such as you who make Caledonia stern and wild.

D. H. (Gosport).—"It is sheer pluck has made me a rich man." Whom did you pluck?

Miss R. O. (Kendal).—"Each stocking contains five miles of silk." Ours only contain a foot each.

R. N. (Exeter).—"I was held up last week by two men." Did they see you all the way home?

A. N. (Doncaster).—"There wasn't a single sixpenny postal order to be had." Perhaps all the actors had been sending money home to their wives.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

You can't keep 'em down!

This will interest "John Bull" Readers

"The Commercial Travellers' Association Congress was concluded at Southport yesterday. The Congress gave instructions that in future advertisements of schools of salesmanship shall NOT be accepted. It was alleged that the men who had obtained Diplomas from these schools . . . . . were placed in positions of authority over experienced men."

THE TIMES, May 26th, 1926.

THE Russell Course was the only School of Salesmanship advertising in the official organ of the Commercial Travellers' Association. So we have that resolution all to ourselves—a glowing, if unintentional, tribute to the value of Russell-training.

We are proud of that resolution, because one man in every three who enrols for the Russell Course is already engaged in active selling.

Why are these men put into the bigger, better jobs with the bigger, better pay? BECAUSE THEY ARE RUSSELL TRAINED.

Scientific Salesmanship is necessary to-day—the trained man *must* stand the better chance for the better jobs and the bigger money.

Take the Russell Way to Better Pay

Why wait till you're forty or fifty before you get to the top? Why lag behind and see these Russell-trained men get the big jobs and the big money?

Get into the race yourself, but *get trained first.* That's the point of this advertisement, and we want to drive it home to you. No athlete can win big events unless he is trained. Why should a man expect to succeed unless *he too has trained for success?*

Men who intend to succeed take the Russell Course and study in some of their spare time. They find it possible to get bigger money as soon as they have begun to work on the Course. It is entirely postal, but it cannot be raced through in a few weeks. It is a Course of self-development and it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others if you are prepared to work. When you hold the Russell Diploma you are guaranteed an introduction to a well-paid salaried vacancy.

Put your feet on the ladder which leads to the bigger, better jobs with the bigger, better pay.

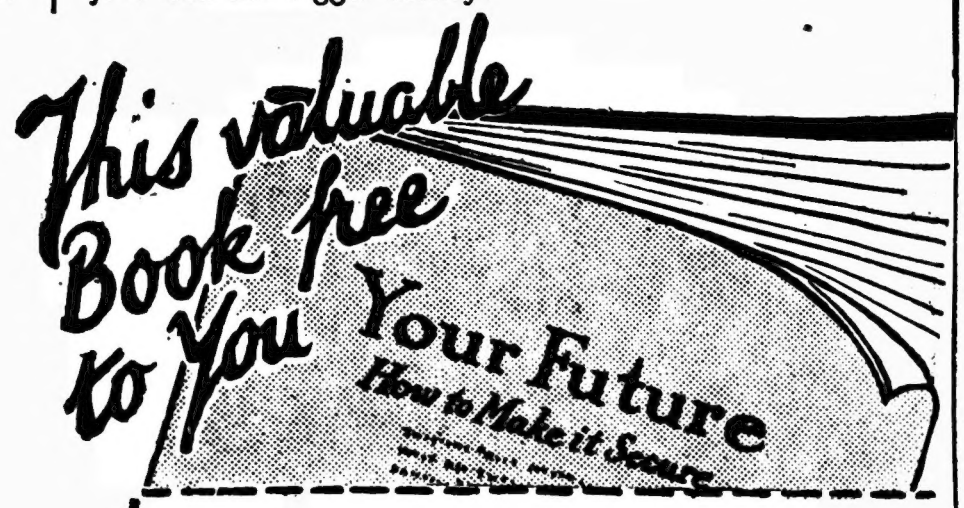
This opportunity is yours now.

Over 1,400 of the great British firms (many of them household names) prefer Russell-trained men, and your future is assured provided we accept you for enrolment.

You are Sure to Make Good if We Accept You

Send to-day for "Your Future—How to Make it Secure." It costs you nothing and may be the turning point in your life. Fill in the Coupon NOW.

The Russell-Hart Co. Ltd., 165 Goschen Buildings, Henrietta St., Strand, W.C.2.



To The RUSSELL-HART CO., LTD.,
165, Goschen Buildings,
Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C.2.

I want to succeed. Please send me free and without charge or obligation on my part, a copy of "Your Future—How to Make it Secure."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Occupation.....

YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast-Vite *Tablets*

The Lightning Pick-me-up.

This New and Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins, and other valuable ingredients, and is prescribed by leading medical specialists. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating buoyant feeling of extreme vigour.

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE TABLETS will relieve:—

Headache, Neuralgia, etc. ... ... in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence... ... ... in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression in 10 to 15 minutes
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc. ... in 10 to 15 minutes
Influenza Colds, Fever ... ... in 24 hours

1/3, 2/9 & 5/- per bottle of all chemists.

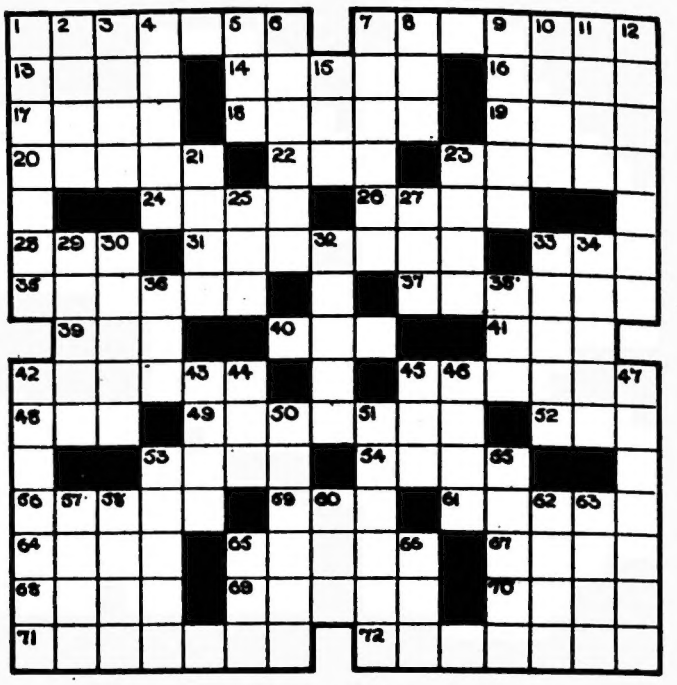
OUR GUARANTEE. Obtain a bottle of Irving' YEAST-VITE tablets from your chemist or by post. Take the treatment at our expense. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us, and we will refund the money by return of post.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, &c., &c.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Our Cross-Word Corner

Another Teaser



CLUES ACROSS

1. Conceive.
7. An acid liquor.
13. Pure.
14. Natural fat.
16. Title.
17. Suffering.
18. Stir up.
19. Food.
20. S. American mountains.
22. Instrument for writing.
23. Medicinal plant.
24. Specific pronoun.
26. Want.
28. Tidal flow.
31. Mean proportion.
33. Conjunction
35. Fanciful.
37. Goblins.
39. Serpent.
40. Buzzing sound.
41. Limb.
42. Kind of whiskey.
45. Poisonous snakes.
48. Border.
49. Integrity.
52. Fish spawn.
53. A sneer.
54. Court of record.
56. Distribute.
59. Definite article.
61. English county.
64. Excursion.
65. Steady.
67. Prepare.
68. A sibilant noise.
69. A thicket of shrubs.
70. Equal.
71. Made entrance.
72. A fire-plug.

CLUES DOWN

1. Fixed on a stake.
2. Stingy.
3. Parched.
4. A horse.
5. At the present time.
6. To pass away.
7. Austrian city.
8. Refreshment house.
9. Terminated
10. Profit.
11. So let it be.
12. Delays.
15. Extend.
21. Unreal.
23. Observed.
25. Clinging plant.
27. Urge.
29. A pair.
30. A brush of twigs.
32. Lip-stick.
33. Indian title.
34. Coloured man.
36. Liable.
38. Aged.
42. To put in a case.
43. Small child.
44. Side of a grate.
45. Consumed.
46. Stains.
47. Creeping animal.
50. Caught.
51. Snow vehicle.
53. Prickly shrub.
55. Long thin candle.
57. Lower part of the back.
58. Evil desire.
60. Obtained.
62. Volcanic matter.
63. Baking apparatus.
65. Feminine pronoun.
66. A dairy-maid.

The solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund Appeal and Acknowledgments on page 4.

A Bargain Store at your Door—

Thrifty folk regularly read the "Bargain" Ads. on page 4. Get the habit yourself—you save money, time and trouble.

2/6 DEPOSIT

insures delivery of a 1926 Mead "Marvel" Bicycle. Nothing more to pay till you have ridden the machine one month.
"MARVEL" No. 400 £4 19s 6d CASH.
We pack FREE, pay carriage and guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. Factory-Soiled cycles CHEAP. Accessories at popular prices. Write TO-DAY for illustrated Catalogue and special offer of sample cycle.
Mead CYCLE CO. Inc. (Dept. M687) SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM

Anæmia
Weak Nerves

Dr. Cassell's Tablets do not contain exciting stimulants or any unsafe drug. They build up the system and restore the nerves, because they supply the body's deficiencies.

Mrs. A. Ford, of 2, Charles Street, Littleborough, writes: "From the age of 16 years until eighteen months ago I suffered from nerves and anæmia, associated with fits When I took Dr. Cassell's Tablets the results were astonishing. I am now a different woman altogether, and have had no attack of my old trouble for over twelve months."

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Weakness
Neuritis	Nerve Pains	Children's Weakness
Indigestion	Headache	Anæmia
Sleeplessness	Palpitation	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Prices, 1/3 and 3/-.
Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

SKIN DISEASES

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

"My Eczema was cured in three days."

Marvellous for Sore and Tired Feet. Bad Corns disappear in a few days.

Zee-Kol kills the sting of Gnats and Mosquitoes immediately.

Cured in a Night.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin cure of all time. If put on the skin, whether covered with Pimples or ugly Blemishes, they disappear in a night, and the most frightful skin disease that can attack the skin disappears like magic. Never was known any cure like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy in the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New Skin forms in a few days.

Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently before a fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

At all chemists, Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or large tin 3/-

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON.

A sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills will be sent free. No postage. If samples of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Kalia Face Cream are also desired, send 3d. for postage and packing. Cut this coupon out, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and post to the Zee-Kol Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 97), 60, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.

2 First Prizes of £250

'BULLETS' 'TWIN' OFFER 20 BIG PRIZES!

2 First Prizes of £250

and 2 each of the following Big Prizes!

£50 £45 £40 £35 £30 £25 £20 £15 £10

10 Prizes of £5 | 200 Prizes of 5/- | 10,000 TARGET PRIZES | 500 Prizes of 2/6 | 100 Prizes of £1

"Bullets" Twins!

A HAPPY event, in which every competitor will rejoice, is the arrival this week of *Bullets* "Twins."

Two First Prizes of £250 each are the "Twins" which head the novel offer launched this week, but a doubled opportunity of winning £250 is not the only attraction of this special prize-list. Following these *two* First Prizes comes a long series of "Twin" prizes, twenty in all, ranging gradually down from £50 to £10.

If you would like to adopt one of these bonny *Bullets* "Twins," get to work on your £250 efforts to-day.

Another Record Beaten

Bullets makes its own records—and beats them. Not twelve months ago we startled the competition world by offering a prize of 2,000 guineas. Even this staggering figure will be surpassed by the record prize which will head the *Bullets* list after this week's "Twin" Offer.

Watch for this wonderful contest and win the colossal sum of £2,500!

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

Result of "Bullets" Competition No. 612 (£2,000 Offer) will appear in our issue dated October 9.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 613.

BRITAIN'S BUSINESS—WHY HE WAS HAPPY—MODERN LIFE—HEALTHY—THE MOTHERLAND—A PRETTY FIGURE—WHAT HIS WIFE SAID—A MAN—TRADE WAR—WISER—IN DREAMLAND—SHE WISHES THAT—THE REFEREE—SOMEWHERE POOR PAY—FATHER AND MOTHER—NEVER DONE—SAID TO THE POLICEMAN—SAVES TROUBLE—WHAT IS RACING?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 613 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 613, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any Examples for "Bullets" No. 614.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

There is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this: select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Thus a recent winner who selected the *Example* MAKE MOTHER SMILE added the *Bullet* BECAUSE CRYING WON'T HELP, and secured £50 for those few words. Other recent big prize-winners were — *Example*: — "GOOD-BYE! *Bullet*:—SHE SANG—HE SAID. *Example*:—IN A HOLE. *Bullet*:—THAT'S LIFE "ALL OVER." Now go ahead and win one of those £250 prizes for yourself.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 614.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA
IN LEAGUE
HEARD IN THE NURSERY
THE FOOTLIGHTS
OUT OF ENGLAND
MUSIC
WITH JOY
IF SHE ISN'T PRETTY
BETTER TIMES
KNOWING
FOR A SHILLING
SAID TO THE ALIEN
KINDLY
FRESH AIR
IF HE'S HONEST
KEEPING SHOP
CHILDREN
A QUICK ONE
SHOWED HE WAS BRAVE
NO SECRET
VILLAGE TEAM
COOL
AT PRE-WAR PRICE
NOT LIKE A MAN
WHAT THE TIPSTER SAID
HARD FACTS
PALS
HER LUNCH
WITHOUT A STAIN
MILLIONAIRE'S SON
UNKIND
WHAT IS THE STAGE?

Address Coupons to "Bullets," No. 614 "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 7.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(614) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 7.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(614) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 7.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(614) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 7.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(614) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the two First and two Second Prizes in Competition No. 614 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 611 can now be seen in the window of Mr. J. HEMPHILL, 140, London Road, Glasgow.

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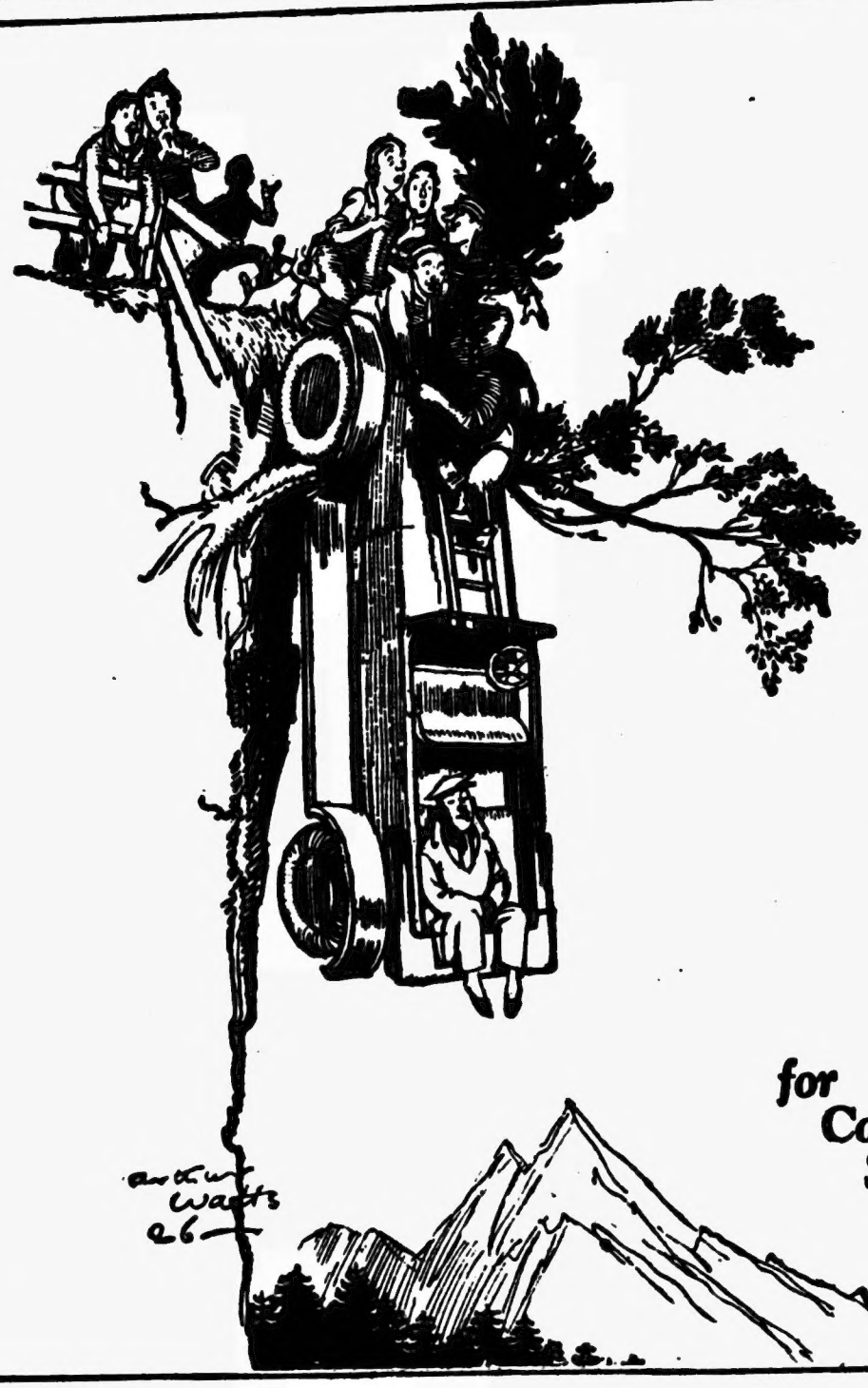

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